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EXTRACTS

FROM THE

DIARY AND LETTERS

OF

MRS. MARY COBB.

London:
PRINTED BY C. AND R. BALDWIN, NEW BRIDGE-STREET.

1805.

Acc. 93-360
RB CT788.C6A3

MEMOIRS.

MRS. COBB, late wife of Francis Cobb, Esq., from whose Diary and Select Letters this volume is extracted, was born at St. Peter's, in the isle of Thanet, Kent, on the 22d of November 1773.—She was educated by her parents, Thomas and Mary Blackburn, with strict attention to her morals; and in her youth resided sometimes at St. Peter's, and sometimes in London; where, for three years, when very young, she attended the ministry of the Rev. R. Cecil.

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MEMOIRS.

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But, though from a very early period, her mind appears occasionally to have

been under the influence of religious impressions: she does not seem to have been deeply and permanently affected with the great concerns of her soul till the year 1787.—At that time, being induced to attend at the adult baptism of two persons, administered at Shallows, near Margate, by the Rev. W. Purchis, baptist minister of that place; she was so much impressed by the sermon, on John xiv. 21, and by the administration of the ordinance; that from thence her thoughts were chiefly occupied by the subject of religion, and she gradually lost her relish for those pleasures and pursuits which had before engaged her attention.

A considerable time elapsed, in which, like most young converts, she was alternately the subject of hopes and fears, of

joys and sorrows; sometimes more, at others less, diligent in seeking the blessings of eternal life.—At length, however, she was brought to establishment in the christian faith; and having, from the first of her religious impressions, been fully satisfied that adult baptism was agreeable to scriptures, she was, by this ordinance, received into the church at Margate, and continued a member of it till her death. It seems necessary to state explicitly that Mrs. C. was a Dissenter and a Baptist to the last: indeed, her sentiments on this subject appear to have been unwavering; but her candour to those who were of a different opinion, shone forth more and more during her course: and in all respects it may be truly said, that she was an honour to the religious society to which

she was united, as doubtless she must have been to any other christian society; for, "she adorned the doctrine of GOD, "her Saviour, in all things."

Many difficulties and painful trials preceded her union with Mr. C——; and several extracts are made from her diary during that period, which evince a peculiar degree of confidence in GOD, and calm submission to his will, in the most perplexing circumstances; together with the most cautious fear of incurring his displeasure, or dishonouring his name.

At length, in a remarkable manner, the LORD was graciously pleased to interpose, and remove hindrances, which, a short time before, appeared almost insurmountable; and her marriage took place at Margate, on the 18th of December 1794.

The greater part of the diary and letters which are printed, were written after this event, and (in the opinion at least of the editor;) become more and more interesting to the last. As the state of her mind and the grand outlines of her life, are more clearly discovered from the perusal of her writings, than from any thing that could be offered in the way of narrative; little more will here be required. The reader, however, will observe that both the diary and the letters seem to break off somewhat abruptly; and, as we naturally wish to learn the closing scene of those, whose excellencies of character and conversation have peculiarly excited our attention and esteem, will, of course, be led to desire some further information respecting her.

Perhaps no history can, more than that before us, furnish a striking instance of the vanity and uncertainty of all earthly enjoyments——enjoyments the most lawful, the most rational! Blessed, indeed, and only blessed are they who have been taught of God "to set their affections on things above," and to seek "an inheritance in-"corruptible and glorious, and that fadeth "not away!"—At an hour, perhaps, when she least expected, Mrs. C. was called upon to attend the sick bed of a beloved mother. By nature ardent in her affections, her mind, without divine consolation, would have been overwhelmed with sorrow; but she expressed to a friend who visited her at this melancholy period, the blessedness of those who have the Almighty God for their support. 'Oh,' said she, 'what

'a mercy it is that we are in the LORD's 'hands!—What should I do now, if I 'had not a GOD to go to?'—Mrs. B's illness, though severe, was not supposed to be so immediately dangerous as it proved.—In a few hours her life was cut off, and the sudden news of it, received just on waking out of sleep, produced most alarming effects on the health of the daughter.—Mrs. C. was immediately seized with very dangerous symptoms, and her malady so much oppressed the powers of her mind, that, during her illness, she was in a great measure incapable of noticing any thing around her.—She survived but a few days, and died at St. Peter's, September the 4th, 1802.

The following extracts might have been greatly enlarged; but it is deemed

preferable to select only a small number of such as are most original and peculiar; and which are best adapted to elucidate the genuine spirit of the exemplary christian, and the real tendency of evangelical principles, when truly received into the heart by living faith, under the sacred influences of the Holy Spirit.

We must not, however, conclude these remarks without observing, that the principal excellency of the character here exhibited, seems to have consisted, in a habitual earnest desire of rendering every incident subservient to the glory of GOD, and in a jealous watchfulness over her own heart. Of her it may be truly said, that "in all her "ways she acknowledged him," that he might "direct her paths."—The duties

of every relation, and the great importance of performing them in an exemplary manner; the difficulty of discharging them aright, and the danger and ill effects of failing, or seeming to fail, in any of them, evidently occupied a great part of her thoughts and devotions.—It is particularly deserving of remark, that when about to enter on the married state, with circumstances very likely to engross and dissipate the mind of so young a person; her great concern was, how to perform the many and arduous duties of the different relations in which she was going to be placed; and lest she should fail of recommending the religion she professed, to those around her. When also she had the prospect of becoming a parent, the great importance of

the maternal duty was habitually present to her mind, and prominent in her prayers and meditations. Even in every new arrangement that concerned her domesticks, she always sought to God for direction and success; constantly aiming to glorify him in her whole conduct, and to prove instrumental to the salvation of the persons whom she employed. The fears too which she expressed, lest the entering upon new and more prosperous scenes, should in any wise ensnare and elate her, and render her less mindful of her poorer brethren; with many similar reflections which the attentive reader will not fail to observe, shew a knowledge of her own heart, a tenderness of conscience, and a genuine sensibility united with soundness of judgment, which, her time of life considered, appear truly admirable.

Dispositions like these, arising from humble simple dependence on the mercy of God, through the righteousness and atonement of the Saviour, (on which all her hope of acceptance was *solely* and *entirely* grounded) constitute the genuine christian character, and the truly excellent and amiable member of society. May the writer, and every reader of these memoirs, be found among the followers of those who, "through faith "and patience now inherit the pro- "mises!"

EXTRACTS

FROM

THE DIARY.

August 11, 1791.

It is surely in vain to look for happiness in this world, and from the creatures which inhabit it; since they are all in a state of mutability, and each proclaims vanity to the spectator. In this search of happiness, too often hath my soul been found, when I have felt too, how very unfriendly all worldly things have proved to my spiritual advancement, or growth in grace. But there is another dangerous error in which I often feel myself bewildered; a cleaving, an over-attachment, to something in my own breast;

something that I have done, attained, or suffered. And here the LORD is pleased, graciously pleased, to disappoint me. Perhaps I had almost forgotten that, after having done all, I am but an unprofitable servant! I hope, however, that I am now convinced that there is nothing of mine that can render me acceptable to that GOD with whom I have to do, and from whom I desire to receive eternal salvation, not as a *debt*, but as a *free gift*, to me the most unworthy recipient of it. And Oh! that while I am sojourning here below, I may prove, I may witness, that his loving kindness, manifested to my soul, is better than all the blessings of life! Oh that CHRIST JESUS may be precious to my soul! To them that believe, he is so. Oh, that I could but love him as I wish to do! That I might see sin, as exceeding sinful, and the ways of GOD to be the ways of pleasantness, and all his paths peace. Even so, Amen.

October 16.

I have often reason to complain of myself; but perhaps never more real occasion than at present. I feel, that after all the search I have made into the word and will of GOD, my depraved understanding was never more at a loss to comprehend the simplest, the plainest doctrines of his word than now! Oh that he would vouchsafe his blessed Spirit to enlighten me! I want faith—it is the gift of GOD. For want of this, how soon does my spiritual enemy gain an advantage over me! tempting me sometimes to doubt the reality of those blessed truths, which I hold and desire to retain with the greatest veneration. It would be a great mercy, would the LORD answer my prayer, and take from me that reasoning spirit, I too often feel inclined to. I should deem it the greatest privilege, to be enabled to believe the record GOD hath given of his

Son, merely crediting the testimony of the ETERNAL TRUTH. But sometimes, (I desire to write it with humility,) while engaged with my spiritual foe, I am almost afraid he will reason me out of all the Religion I ever had, (if its a fact I ever had any.) This questioning frame of mind, together with the conduct of many persons, who have renounced the faith they seemed once so warmly to maintain, makes me tread, I hope, cautiously; sometimes (indeed almost always) doubting, as such eminent characters have fallen, what will become of me, who am as a mere nothing: yet it has made me pray in fervency of spirit, "LORD, hold thou me up, and I "shall be safe."—If thou leave me, but for a moment, I shall, I must relinquish the battle, in spite of all I have boasted to the contrary.

January 22, 1792.

Many, very many are the changes which I have lately witnessed; and I find it hard to

believe that all these things shall work together for good. It is my sincere and earnest prayer, that it would please the LORD, in his infinite wisdom, to prepare me for whatever he has prepared for me. I am still the same dependent creature as ever: Nay, more so, for I find less ability to help myself at this juncture than ever; and it may easily be accounted for: I never had affairs of the like importance, which so evidently called for my consideration. How fondly, how foolishly have I promised myself happiness, if ever I should be brought into this situation! but I desire to see the wisdom of GOD, in writing vanity on every creature-good. Oh that it may have a right effect on me, and teach me to cease from man, and cleave to GOD! that spiritual, that eternal Rock of ages, who is immutable, "the same yester-"day, to-day and for ever."

Feb. 29.

Oh what a lost, utterly helpless and deformed wretched sinner I am! Methinks, I never more clearly saw the need of atonement being made for sin, than within these few weeks. Oh when shall I be delivered, not only from the curse, but from the very being of sin? LORD, hasten that blessed time! and, when thou sayest, Come, may my waiting spirit, reply quickly, welcome, welcome!

March 2.

I waked in the morning (I was going to say as usual,) with my mind and spirits much depressed, fearfully expecting I should hear something very, very distressing: but my ever gracious GOD hath been abundantly better to me than my anxious fears. Oh how often do I thus disquiet myself in vain! one would think that by continued experience I should learn better: but I find

nothing short of almighty power can make me any way composed, when I am brought into a state of suspense. I have had my mind much exercised, from those words in the Psalmist: speaking of the righteous, he says, "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings;" How then say I, can I be a child of GOD, when I am almost in perpetual fear on one account or another? Oh that the GOD of my mercies, would preserve me from all unnecessary apprehensions, and from the horrible gloomy thoughts that have possessed me respecting the hour of death!

March 13.

I have been before the LORD, but I am afraid, not in an acceptable way. I do fear that my ways are not pleasing in his sight, and it is said "if I regard iniquity in my heart, the LORD will not hear me." Oh that he would grant me a true discovery of my secret motives and intentions! and that he

would make me to know and do his will! as I am sure, that "to obey is better than "sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of "rams." I desire to be enabled to keep a strict watch over what passes within. I have much to be humbled for, yet I feel a disposition to be proud. How are we fallen! "My soul cleaveth to the dust:" Quicken thou me, and make me accepted in the beloved LORD JESUS!

March 17.

The tender mercies of the LORD have been over me, and preserved me to the close of another week. I have had experience of his kindness to me, not only in a providential, but in a spiritual way. Yesterday morning and the morning before, as well as this, I have had very precious times in prayer. My soul seems to have a fresh tye to the LORD, and I have felt myself particularly united and bound to him. He hath said "Give

" me thine heart," and he knows that I would he should have the highest place in it.

March 19

I am this afternoon left alone—May I be enabled truly to say " Alone, and yet not " alone, because the Father is with me."—It is his presence that will make the most dreary and solitary situation desirable. I confess I feel a great gloom prevailing within; though I cannot say, from any particular cause. But I really believe it is more bodily than mental: in this respect we are very apt to be deceived, and I am firmly persuaded that the enemy of souls will take a great advantage of our natural spirits, either one way or the other. Oh that I may, by having such repeated experience of his devices, get more acquainted with them, and be the better able to resist them!

March 22.

I do sensibly feel that in my present cir-

cumstances, I cannot do the things that I would, and that I do the things that I would not. But Oh, when I look back and see how I have been brought thus far, contrary to my expectations, and I am sure contrary to my deservings; it ought (for my consolation) to be the language of my heart, "That he would never have shewn me such "things" of himself and myself, "if he had "meant to have destroyed me." Triumph then faith, in the sufficiency of an omnipotent GOD, and never yield to the suggestions of sin, Satan, and unbelief. Here I would raise my Ebenezer, "for hitherto the LORD hath "brought me." Praise to all glorious grace, abounding to me a sinner, through the merits of his dear Son, and revealed by the blessed Spirit to my soul.

April 7.

The LORD forgive me all that I have done amiss this evening. Oh what a treacherous

and deceitful heart have I to deal with! Little indeed, was I aware, that I was guilty of those things with which I have been charged! and how did I hate the reproof, though it was well timed, well spoken, and came from the right quarter! LORD GOD of heaven, Thou unto whom the most secret intentions are open, be pleased, if I am justly accused, to make it plain and evident to me; that I may acknowledge it to Thee and to him! Oh do Thou give me, to know more and more of my vile self, abominable, proud wretch that I am! Do Thou, Oh do Thou, for CHRIST'S sake, humble me in my own esteem, and grant unto me a more teachable, childlike temper; that I may be enabled to take reproof with a better spirit than I have this night or hitherto done.

April 13.

I have had several debates in my own mind, with my book before me, whether or

not, I should take up my pen; as I seem to have little to commit to paper; and yet, can *I* want a subject, who am continually receiving such manifold gifts, in grace and providence, from a kind and indulgent Father and Friend? Surely not! and yet how faint, how languid are our sayings, are our writings, unless something out of the ordinary way is manifested, to be as a kind of stimulus to set our cold hearts and heads to the great work, for which, as one great end, we are the preserved of the LORD; even to glorify him in our generation, by speaking well and writing well of his great and marvellous doings for us, the rebellious children of an apostate head.

April 28.

The cloud that greatly oppressed and hung over me, when I last put pen to paper, is scattered and lost, with the many others that are passed; and things are brought

again into their usual state of peace and tranquillity. To whom am I indebted for this? Surely to none other, than that kind and merciful God who evidently interposed on our behalf. For this, I hope, I felt a grateful spirit; but ah! how desperately wicked is my heart! no sooner does the LORD do away one trial, than I make myself another! I have this day grieved his Holy Spirit. I have greatly to lament that I was left under the influence of my own perverse and obstinate will. I cannot blame my GOD—Far be that from me.—I am undeserving the least of his care. In this particular, he gave me to see my own weakness.—I was certainly in a very warm unbecoming temper. I reproved her to whom I ought to have held my peace. I have offended with that unruly member the tongue. I spake unadvisedly with my lips. But, was not my spirit provoked? That it certainly was; but I would cease to justify myself.—I desire to acknow-

ledge my sin; that the remembrance of it, with every other, may be truly grievous to me, and that I may learn to intreat more earnestly, that the LORD would not in any wise leave me to myself; but that he would uphold me in the paths of righteousness, and not enter into judgment with me, his unworthy dust; for, "in his sight shall no "flesh living be justified." Glory be to his name, that he is not extreme to mark what is done amiss, but that "there is forgiveness "with him, that he may be feared." Yet, would I not sin that grace may abound. GOD forbid!

May 1.

Once more am I permitted in this way, to bear my testimony, that the LORD is gracious. Truly have I proved it so from my own experience. "When I said my foot "slipped, his mercy held me up." I have much to remember with gratitude to my

God already; and I hope and trust that I shall yet have cause for thankfulness. Oh, if he would be pleased, in granting the desires of my heart, as to temporal concerns, still to keep me humble and watchful, that I may more than ever glorify him in body and soul which are his. Surely then, if I am ever brought into a state of prosperity, and there kept from halting, I shall believe assuredly, that the Lord is my Keeper. I see some indeed, of whom I entertained a good opinion, so led away by the riches of this world, that it makes me afraid of myself. May it never be my case, to have a full hand and an empty heart, nor (as Agur says) to possess riches, and deny my God! neither in any degree to deny him by a shyness of those who really belong to him, and yet are placed in the safer state of poverty.—Many are my fears at times, on this particular, as well as that I shall not be fit for the due discharge of the duty incumbent on me. I

hope not to rush uncalled, into a new situation; and I would believe, with all my fears, that the *path of duty* is *the path of safety*.

May 20. Lord's Day Morning.

Surely if I can speak, if I can write any thing to the praise of my God, there can be no unseasonable time. And I have, O yes! I have indeed, much to acknowledge with gratitude to him. I have, as usual, been before him at the accustomed time; and though I cannot say, I found myself so much alive to him as I could wish, I had, I hope, the blessedness of hungering and thirsting after him. It is a pleasant thing to be sensible of our need. The Lord grant that I may more and more see my own wickedness, and be enabled to apply to that Physician who has balm for the sin-sick soul! May he be pleased to carry me through this Sabbath, and in it, give me an earnest and prelibation of an eternal happy one to come!

May 25.

To the close of another day, the LORD my GOD hath brought me; and hitherto he hath preserved me from bringing any disgrace upon my profession, and hath kept alive and in exercise, that spark of grace which he first implanted in my heart. Many a time I have said in my folly, that it would die, that it would never survive such and such trials from one and the other quarter: but though I cannot say how the work has been carried on, as to any sensible growth in grace that I have experienced, yet I should be one of the most ungrateful creatures on earth, were I not to acknowledge that he has often revived the work in my soul when it has appeared to be in a declining state; and has thus proved that his almighty grace is an incorruptible seed, which shall abide in the Christians' heart, till they are bid to enter into the perfect joy of their

LORD. O blessed period! Quicken and invigorate, O LORD, the desires of my soul, that I may no longer be cleaving to the dust, but be joyfully looking forward to the change that awaits me, when "this mortal shall "put on immortality," and even death itself shall be swallowed up in victory; and I shall be made more than conqueror through JESUS CHRIST, who has loved, lived, and died for me. LORD, strengthen my faith rightly to believe these glorious truths!

May 31.

LORD, what are all my professions of love and gratitude towards thee, if I do not really feel a thankful heart? They are but hypocrisy. I do pray and intreat that I may not be deceived when I say, I desire to praise thee for thy late kind interference in behalf of my dear mother. Thou didst rescue her from the jaws of death! My faith was sorely put to the test. I had a trial before, in part-

ing with one that is very near and dear to me; and this came so immediately on the back of it, that I had well nigh given up all for lost. But it is

> Just in the last distressing hour,
> The LORD displays deliv'ring pow'r.

And this method makes his interposition more manifest. Help failed on every side. May we then erect our JEHOVAH JIREH, and say, the LORD did graciously provide according to our great need. May I henceforth love and serve him better than I have ever yet done!

June 8.

I hear much of what ought to be the conduct of professors of christianity, to make religion appear amiable in the eyes of those who would otherwise despise it. The LORD help me to chuse that good part that I shall never repent of hereafter! Teach me in the

way that I should go! I trust my eyes are up to the LORD for direction. He knows my very heart, and I trust in the sincerity of it I do love him: and as long as that love is in exercise, it will be my great desire to aim by every lawful means to recommend religion to those that are about me. It is, if I am not deceived, my earnest wish that his name may be glorified in and by me; and, if I am wrong in the method I take, I pray that he may cause me to walk in that way wherein he would have me to go.

June 19.

Oh how much have I to bemoan and lament before GOD! If he were extreme to mark in me what has been done amiss, I should never be able to plead for mercy before him. I have got into a very dead barren frame of spirit. I fully expect that I shall soon have a fresh cross to take up. I believe the LORD will not have his children

thus stupid and indifferent; and therefore there seems a needs be that I should have an affliction of one sort or another, that I may seek him with greater fervour and animation. For at present there seems little difference between me and those who make no profession of loving GOD, only as I am enabled to pray and request that I may see better times. I may well say, " Come Holy Spirit, &c. &c. " My soul cleaveth to the dust. Quicken " thou me," and " restore to me the joys of " thy salvation!"

July 26.

For these last twelve hours, while my eyes have been kept from sleeping, I have had exercise in deep waters of perplexity. I am almost overcome with sorrow; yet, though " cast down, I am not destroyed."—When I was before the LORD pouring out my complaint, I was greatly tried to say, in the feeling of my troubles, " It is the LORD, let

" him do what seemeth him good." Oh! I fear I have committed much sin in this sorrow. I would apply to the blood of Christ for cleansing; but I find a mind estranged from God. I hope he will forgive me; and that as a father pitieth his children, so he will graciously be pleased to have compassion on me, who, though dust and ashes, would still claim relation to the God of Heaven. I hope this may be a good lesson to me, that when I forsake God I forsake my own comfort; for it was in neglecting him at our time of approaching his throne of grace, that way was made for the many, very many uncomfortable feelings I have since experienced. I think, if this breach be ever settled and peace restored to my mind, I shall be truly thankful, and cautious how such another trouble comes upon me through such means.

July 27.

I hope and believe I prayed in spirit, when I asked of the LORD to make himself known as the God of peace. He kindly heard me, and, I believe, enabled both me and the friend with whom I had differed, to have it in remembrance, that the tongue is an unruly member. Oh, that we may at all times have this in mind, when it is prone to get beyond the limits of sound reason and religion! May we thus learn a good lesson, and be thankful to the LORD for his gracious interposition!

August 16.

The LORD's kindness and mercy continually call aloud upon me to sing to his praise. Oh! that my hard heart were more affected under a due sense of his kindness and goodness to my soul! I have further experienced deliverance from him when I was in great

pain. The LORD that bringeth low can alone raise up and revive. He has healed me of my infirmity, and may body and soul be afresh devoted to his service!

August 27.

I have been very remiss in recounting the mercies with which I have been favoured; and yet the LORD is continually surrounding me with goodness! What can this be, but sovereign unmerited love and grace? For I cannot doubt his everlasting love to me, however at times, through the violent assaults of the enemy and the horrid suggestions of unbelief, my evidences get clouded, and I remain in the dark for the season allotted for the trial of my faith. I have been greatly exempted from that exercise of mind with which I used to be afflicted. Still I want more unfeignedly and unreservedly to love, serve, and obey him with body, soul, and spirit. I do know this, that I am his wil-

lingly, and would be always more devoted to him, for surely "his ways are pleasant-"ness," and great peace have they that know his name to trust in it.

September 21.

The LORD has been very gracious to my soul. I trust I have had a profitable time in drawing near to him in his house of prayer. I have met with much needed reproof: Oh that I may, by his Blessed Spirit's assistance, be enabled to set in order those things that have been amiss in my outward walk and conversation! I am sure I have daily need to lament how lifeless I am in spiritual duties of all sorts; and yet he is a merciful GOD to me, notwithstanding all my non-improvement of opportunities, &c. But this will not satisfy me—I am not as I would be: I want to be holy, as I wish to be happy. Oh for a near union to the Blessed JESUS! that I felt my whole soul indifferent to the world,

breathing towards him, and desirous of being made conformable to his lovely image!

September 24.

I have been greatly exercised indeed within these few days. I was suddenly brought into trouble, and I behaved very unwisely. Surely, "I spake unadvisedly with my lips." If it were not so, yet I know the language of my heart was, that the LORD seemed to be cruel and unkind to me. It was indeed a great trial, and so it continues; though my mind is considerably composed to what it was. I know not what the LORD is about to do with me: sometimes I think that the time of my stay here is but short, and that he is about to take me to himself speedily. Oh, that he would dissipate my gloomy fears of death, before he calls me to the trial! I do dread that important moment—I cannot think of it with composure.

October 10.

I have had a fresh display of the LORD's mercy. I was presently brought low by illness, and then nothing but his favourable interposition could do me any real service. He was very near at hand to help me; and I am now, praised be his name, restored to my usual health and strength. My desires are, that these afflictions may be truly sanctified; that when exercised in the like manner again, I may feel myself more entirely in the LORD's hands, and be resigned under a believing persuasion that I am altogether at his disposal; that I may be enabled to look steadily on death, without that discomposure which too generally attends me, when reminded that I am mortal. My way is still hedged up. O my soul, is it not a thorny path? Do I not too often wish for death, only to be relieved from these earthly encumbrances? Gracious GOD! make me more holy, more happy!

October 20.

The LORD's continued goodness has preserved me, and again given me opportunity of recording it to the glory of his great and holy name. What a wretched creature I am! When I thus consider myself as altogether unworthy of his notice, how should it excite gratitude in my heart! Oh, that he would quicken me according to his word! I want life and animation in his ways; fresh vigour and delight in spiritual duties; in short, I desire to be altogether more spiritual, to be a Christian in very deed and truth, to use all those means appointed by the LORD, without a dependence on any one of them. I shall never be as I wish to be, till I get to heaven:

"There I shall see his face,
"And never, never sin."

November 27.

Let none ever doubt of there being a GOD, and a faithful GOD too, if I am carried safe

through Jordan's stream; and in the hour of death still believing and avowing that there is such a thing as true religion, and that I have not been following "cunningly devised fa-" bles," in the time of youth, health, and strength, which will not stand by me when "flesh and heart shall fail." But, amid all my many and perplexing doubts in this matter, I am not altogether without hope: the LORD does make me very thankful, and at times to rejoice in that precious declaration, (Oh, that the words were written in letters of gold upon my heart!) "He came to deliver "them who, through fear of death, were all "their life-time subject to bondage."

December 17.

I have, as usual, great reason to be humbled before GOD, and yet I am proud! What a sinner I am! I have so little faith, I can scarcely believe at all. I am afraid of presuming, and the LORD knows I dread a de-

ception where eternal concerns are at stake. Oh, that he would lead me in the way everlasting, for the glory of his great and holy name!

December 19.

What has passed this evening demands great humiliation of heart from me, before a sin-hating GOD. I hope I have not been permitted to tell a wilful untruth; but I am persuaded I have gone very near it. I have felt a sad spirit working within me: it was not much to be perceived outwardly, though I spoke in one instance very warmly, and have therefore made myself much uneasiness. I hope and trust I have been humbled under a sense of it before GOD. Indeed, I do not know when sin has appeared so hateful to me as at this time: I think the LORD has been pleased to make me feel, that it is an evil and bitter thing to depart from him; and I pray that he will continue to give me such

experience, when I am sinning against him! O, that he would pardon me, create in me a clean heart, put his fear in my mind, and remove far from me the way of lying! that he would make me more like JESUS in my temper and disposition, that I might be meek and mild in my conversation!

January 21, 1793.

I have daily, on one score or another, reason to lament and bewail before a heart-searching GOD, how little it is with me as it ought to be. Such a sinful nature, and such evil propensities need daily correction and reproof: and yet if he were to enter into judgment with me for the very least of my sins and offences against him, conscious I am that I should never be able to stand the contest. Oh, that he would be pleased to give me a very tender conscience, susceptible of the least wrong done to him or to my fellow creatures; that he would for the future grant

that I may have strength to withstand every enemy, and to walk more worthy of the character of one who professes "not to be con- "formed to this world, but to be transformed "by the renewing of the mind!"

February 20.

The times are very dark—the LORD only knows what will be the issue of the heavy clouds that hang over our guilty heads as a nation. We are threatened with war—May I remember that there is not evil in a city but what comes from the hand of the LORD; that it is by him kings reign, &c.; and that if war be determined, it matters not who is against, if He, be for us. May He in great mercy appear for his British Israel; and in all this confusion may each one seriously ask himself, What have I done, how much have I done, to accumulate the sin of the nation? Oh, that it may be a soul-humbling time with us! May I be kept nearer to my GOD, liv-

ing in a constant persuasion that he loves me, and will do all things well.

March 2.

I have, since I wrote last, acted a most base and ungrateful part to that gracious and merciful GOD, who has in every instance proved himself to be long-suffering and abundant in goodness to me. I have had fresh discoveries of the evil of my own heart; and though it was in a painful way, I do desire to be thankful for it. I believe the LORD reproved me at a right season: I had grown proud of myself: he permitted the enemy, in a measure, to conquer me for the time. Oh, what an ugly spirit and temper was I in! I could have said any thing, if the LORD had not mercifully restrained me. Afterwards, I trust, I was humbled before him, and could truly say, there was no profit in that which, on reflection, I was ashamed of. May I, for the future, be made more watchful; and

consider that "a soft answer turneth away "wrath," and that "in resisting the devil, "he will flee from us." I do hope, notwithstanding all my sinfulness, that the cause of GOD lies near my heart, and that it would grieve me to bring any reproach upon his gospel.

March 22.

"For what this day recalls to mind,
"My praise to GOD is due."

Yea, truly, the LORD is good, and doeth good. It was on this very day six years, that I was made willing to prostrate myself as a sinful wretch at the footstool of the LORD JESUS CHRIST for mercy. There I found it; and by the same mercy am spared to this very moment, and enabled to acknowledge, that though I have wished for many things the LORD in infinite wisdom has seen fit to deny, yet have I never lacked any one *really* good thing. Oh that I might now be

helped to take such a retrospective view of his past great kindness, as that I may never more doubt or distrust him! Oh what shall I render him? All that I have, and all that I am, I would unfeignedly give.

July 6.

My own conscience bears me witness that I have been brought into great sorrow by my own sin. The LORD however, in the greatest wisdom, after having, I would hope, taught me, in the most effectual way, the best lesson I have ever had on that subject, has removed the affliction. Oh that it may never more be forgotten by me! What sweet emotions did I feel at its removal!—It was indeed such a deliverance as I cannot express. My heart seemed for the time to overflow with love and gratitude to the LORD. But alas! how soon do these impressions wear off! The LORD give me in all things a tender conscience. He has seen fit to remove, and

take to glory, a very dear and valuable woman. Oh that the loss may be made up by himself to a husband and seven dear children. May the hearts of all, who know their pitiable situation, be much engaged in earnest prayer to the LORD to appear for them in this time of great need! May the many many prayers of their dear mother be answered on their behalf, now that her head is laid low, and she entirely precluded from doing them any further service. Oh that the blessings of her covenant GOD and FATHER may richly rest upon every one of them!

July 23.

What shall I say of the LORD? I can never speak sufficiently to his praise. He has been pleased to give me some sweet and very precious times in drawing near to him. I hope I do not deceive myself in thinking so: really and in truth, I am often afraid of being presumptuous. Oh that my GOD would

in great mercy preserve me from so fatal an error! He knows that I do dread to think that I am something while I am nothing. How I long (surely I do) after holiness of heart, and conformity in life to the blessed JESUS! I want to be made and kept truly, yea, very humble at all times, in all places and circumstances. I desire, if it please the LORD, that he would fit me for every situation in life; so as that I may be enabled to glorify him, and bear a sweet testimony, living and dying, that he has loved me, and delivered me out of trouble.

September 6.

The LORD has been mindful of his handmaid and very unprofitable servant, in her low estate. It often seems as if he wounded, to give an opportunity of displaying his efficacious power of healing. I wish and desire that all these afflictions may be sanctified, so that I may be made more fruitful in the

LORD's vineyard; that I may live here to his praise and glory, and die in his favour and love, to be for ever with him.

September 13.

It is just a week since I wrote here. I was on that day suddenly called from home, and I went indeed with great heaviness; and, far from being relieved, my trouble was aggravated. A variety of painful circumstances pressed upon me all at once; so that I was nearly overwhelmed. O how did I charge GOD foolishly!—said that he was shewing me hard things,—that it would have been better I had never been born; and was ready to wish for death, to deliver me from my trouble. As before-mentioned, I was from home, and went to my room at night with a heavy heart, determined to harden myself in sorrow. I spake to the LORD in the very bitterness of my soul; but from prayer I gained no relief, neither from the scripture.

Yet so it was, that all in an instant, from surely the most violent storm, an immediate calm ensued! Such a sudden unexpected deliverance I never before experienced: and though not any of my troubles were really abated, yet they all appeared at once to be as nothing! I could then call them over one by one, and defy them to discompose me! Oh how did I then enjoy GOD in the creature, and the creature in GOD!

October 15.

How ought I to be thankful, if I am interested in the covenant-love of an unchangeable GOD! I am daily led to see more and more the uncertainty and frailty of all human and creature-comforts. A little bitter spoils and mars a vast deal of sweet. Though it be ever so small and trivial a circumstance, if it rests with weight on my mind, it overwhelms my feelings; and then I am brought to have recourse to a prayer-hearing GOD; and I

cannot express how rejoiced I am, when I am enabled, without any reserve, to go and pour out my every complaint, small and great, before him. If my trouble is not removed, I feel such a relief, and so thankful too, that I have such never-failing resources, as cannot be imagined but by those in similar circumstances: and at these times, if ever, I think I can rejoice in tribulation; for then I often find my dearest LORD nearest to my soul. It is then I taste the sweetness of religion; and at all periods surely I have such reason to be satisfied with his dealings, that I ought never to complain. Oh that I never may! but the LORD grant that I may learn obedience by those things which I have already suffered and been brought through, and never more open my mouth against him!

Dec. 19.

I find I have daily to abhor myself in dust and ashes on account of inbred sin and corruption, and that I feel so little likeness to, and love of my dear LORD. Oh whither will my over attachment to the creature carry me? LORD make me more holy! I want to be heavenly minded, to fill up my station and situation in life aright; and yet withal not to look at "the things which are seen "and are temporal, but those that are not "seen, and are eternal." To be, as having or possessing, yet as not possessing; indeed, in all things, to "use this world as not "abusing it," remembering continually that "the fashion thereof passeth away." I want to be less conformed to it, and transformed by the renewing of my mind. Indeed I know I shall never be as I want to be, till I come to heaven, till I awake up with his likeness, and then I shall be fully satisfied.

Dec. 25.

Through the LORD's sparing mercy, I am now brought to another Christmas-day.—How many precious souls have been cut off since the last, and sent to that place where hope never entereth! And surely, had I been dealt with according to my deserts, I had long since been there also. Oh that I could be humbled now in the very dust before the LORD, for all the many, very many accumulated sins committed in the past year! May I be enabled to reflect on the occasion of this day's being set apart; even to commemorate the birth of our dear and blessed LORD; to consider that though he was, in very deed, the almighty GOD, yet, for our sakes he became an infant, in all respects as helpless as any of the sinful race of Adam. Oh wondrous condescension! How great, how matchless, the love of our incarnate GOD! Oh that I could meditate on this

glorious subject with delight, with rapture, and yet with the greatest possible humiliation!

January 8, 1794.

A kind and preserving GOD has permitted me to enter upon a new year—Oh that a continuation of life may fit me for death! My soul, what hast thou been brought through within the last two years! When I think upon the many waves that the LORD has caused to pass over my head, the intricacies and trials that have, on every side, at times, attended me, and out of which I have been delivered, I am a wonder to myself. I seem as if I could not undergo now, what I then did. I have reason to praise the LORD indeed, with all my breath, for the many, many times in which he has mercifully appeared on my behalf, when none other could have helped. May I this year, be more than ever devoted to his service—spiritually

minded, watchful over my wicked, wretched self, and patient in tribulation, being truly resigned to the will of the LORD! Even so, Amen and Amen.

February 6.

I have paid my usual visit, and been brought home again in peace, health and safety. What truly valuable blessings! Oh that I had but more soul prosperity! I can enter into the feelings of our dear pastor, when he prays that the LORD would not give us all our good things here. It would be a sorry portion indeed, for one longing after an enduring substance. I want to live here below more above: not to be cast down, nor overjoyed at temporal things; but to be more and more concerned to set the LORD always before me, that I may dread more than death (if that be possible for me,) to sin, or offend in the least against him. May I henceforward, live more than ever devoted

to his service; so that I may bring glory to him by being transformed into the lovely image of the dear LORD JESUS.

February 18.

I am just now going from home—O that my GOD may go with and protect me every step of my way, now, and through the whole of this wilderness, till he bring me home to glory; and make me in some way or other useful to my fellow-creatures, and altogether what he would have me to be!

April 2.

I know not how it is that the LORD can possibly bear with my many provocations. When he brings me out of trouble, or rather while I am in it, I say, well, if I am but delivered out of this, I will never doubt him any more; but how shamefully contrary do I act! As soon as any thing of the

like nature occurs, so soon, do I behave in the same distrusting manner: and in this, the enemy greatly helps me, by pointing out to my terrified imagination, that there is something more formidable and dark in *this* trial, than in any of those through which I have been brought, and that it is no wonder I fear now, &c. &c.

The LORD is GOD, and not man, or he never could put up with the rebellion of my heart against his dispensations.

April 9.

Thus far the LORD hath brought me on. Oh for a truly grateful and thankful heart! I am now under a trial, and rather a dark providence. I desire and wish for wisdom to act a right part; to be resigned to his will, and in every respect to adorn the gospel. Oh, for holiness of heart and life! This is what my soul breathes after, and what I long

for. Nothing short of transformation into the lovely image of CHRIST will satisfy me. When shall I awake up with his likeness?

April 19.

So far as I see the present trial to be the will of the LORD, so far may I cheerfully submit! But may I never call that submission, under this or any other trial, which is only occasioned by insensibility, or want of proper feeling under the cross! To-morrow is the LORD's day—Oh for a heart to serve him! Oh for a soul fired with love to JESUS! JESUS—what a charming sound!

April 30.

I pray that the LORD will be pleased to keep me, in my present circumstances, from being lifted up by any appearance of a favourable nature; and that he may continue to guide and direct us in this very important matter, keeping our minds stayed upon him,

and giving us at length, a happy and expected end out of all our present difficulties: especially that he will give to his unworthy servant much wisdom and prudence; that I may behave consistently in every situation he may have in reserve for me. He knows how greatly I dread myself—I feel so unfit for this world!—so unfit for a better! Oh that a thorough reform may take place, and, however matters may be determined, as to worldly things, may my soul be kept alive to him, and enjoy daily sweet communion with him! This is a time for prayer, that I may be enabled rightly to conduct myself, especially to that dear boy who shall be under my charge. May I act towards him as I should wish another to do by mine, were I called to leave one behind!

May 6.

Oh how shall I conduct myself in life? To act, I mean, in every respect, as becomes

the christian. It is my earnest desire, and I acknowledge it to be a great matter, to adorn the profession of the Gospel, by a consistent deportment; to fill up with credit to religion, my relative duties, so that even enemies may be constrained to speak well of me.

Oh for wisdom, prudence, patience and humility, to behave in the different relations I shall stand in, according to the dictates of the word of GOD!

June 23.

I can emphatically say, that it has been good for me to be afflicted, that I have thus borne the yoke in my youth; and I will not fear, that GOD, who hath strengthened and supported me, will leave me the prey of the enemy, but trust, that he will assuredly, and in due time bring me to the end and issue of my troubles. Alas! I am so unfit for the situation before me! I feel such inability, I believe I should be like Solomon: if the

LORD were to put it to me, what, beyond all other things, I would chuse, it should be wisdom, in preference to riches or any other gift whatever. He has invited me to ask this of him, and I do so; but I want the wisdom for the situation, before I am brought into it.

June 24.

Methinks I am a fit subject for the exercise of mercy: I am needy, and I feel myself to be so.—The LORD knows and only knows, how often these words are on my lips—Oh for wisdom! This petition seems to comprehend all that I want. My mind often runs on the importance of being placed as the mother to a motherless child; and I find it a hard matter to satisfy myself that there is any fitness in me for it. I am afraid to speak—I dread the deceitfulness of my own heart, lest my future conduct towards him (which the LORD in mercy prevent!) should belie my present professions of regard and tenderness.

The LORD looks to the heart, and knows how much I wish to act just such a part in every respect, as I should be satisfied any one should act towards mine, if ever I should be called to leave a helpless babe. I know not at present, what it is to be a mother; but I think nothing less would satisfy my mind, than a confidence that a person would treat my child with the most peculiar tenderness and affection: and yet, I think I could wish that the needed reproof should also be seasonably given; but then with a mixture of parental love and regard, and never without a single eye to the glory of GOD and the good of the child. It should also be, as a trial and task to the person reproving, and never to gratify a warmth of temper or feeling of resentment. I should likewise wish the mother of my bereaved child to bear it affectionately on her mind before the LORD; that she should pray for it as her own; that she should be willing to deny herself on its

account. How many pre-requisites could I now write, that would be the desires of my heart, if on a dying bed, with a prospect of leaving an infant babe in a sinful ensnaring world, separated from the guide of its youth! and in this respect, the LORD will bear me witness, that I am not partial to myself; but that all which I have written, and far more, I would wish to be to that dear boy who may be entrusted to my charge; and I shall esteem it a high honour, if the LORD enable me, in such a degree as I could wish, to act the mother's part to him. As yet, he has never known his loss: the LORD grant that by being brought into a near relation to one so unworthy, he never may!

July 25.

Oh how I long for wisdom! And will the LORD indeed condescend to remember his unworthy servant, by bestowing such an ample portion of it, as to fit her for filling up

the very important relation of a mother? which, of all things, lies with the most weight upon my mind. To act as in the fear of GOD; to conduct myself uniformly with the greatest affection and prudence towards him; so to behave, as to leave no room for reflection from him in riper years, from his dear and honoured father, or from the accusations of a tender conscience in myself, which I trust I shall be governed by: these are considerations of no small moment. They require the greatest wisdom and circumspection. The LORD grant it to me, according to the frequent ardent wishes and desires of my heart!

July 29.

This evening, in the multitude of my perplexities, I was led to recollect these words, and was much affected by them, "Casting all your care upon him, for he "careth for you." Why then do I repine, and

shrink at affliction? Why not rather welcome it? as at those times especially, with the cross I have the consolation. Blessed be the name of the LORD for every trial I have and do experience! Oh that I might learn obedience by these troubles! Shortly I shall bid adieu to these waves.

"The last, my soul, will surely come
"And waft thee to th' eternal home."

Oh then for more life while I do live, to serve my precious, invaluable LORD and SAVIOUR! Why am I so engrossed with trifles? Why so cleaving to the dust? Wretched that I am! So stupid, dull and inactive! Quicken this sleepy, drowsy pace! —When I awake up with thy likeness, then, and never till then, shall I be satisfied.

August 2, 1794.

The dear boy of my truly best friend was yesterday taken from him to go to school,

being the first day of August, in the eighth year of his age. We have heard the LORD was mercifully pleased to conduct him, with his dear and faithful servant, in perfect safety to the end of their voyage. Oh that he would be pleased to hear the breathings of his unworthy dust, that he may now, in an especial manner, be preserved spotless amidst the temptations and sins of an ensnaring world; that he may be kept by the mighty power of GOD, even preserved in CHRIST JESUS; and in early life, called by his grace.—May the best of blessings, in answer to fervent prayer, be showered on his head while absent; and if on his return, I should be placed in a near relation to him, the LORD give me wisdom that I may fill it up aright, to the glory of his name and the best interest of the child!

September 9.

How excellent is thy loving kindness, O LORD! Never surely was I given to see so much of it, as in this last trial. I have been carried through it, I can hardly tell how. My dear, my tender, affectionate, faithful friend and servant, has been this day taken from me. Under apprehensions of this difficulty for many years, I have been oft times ready to sink. She was the guide of my youth. I mean she was my instructer when I was young, in the service of the LORD. Oh she was a valuable one, and her great love to me was almost unexampled. I was so supported through this trouble, that if she had not had indisputable and continued evidences of my attachment, from my wonderfully cheerful conduct in the last days and hours of her being with me, she might have been tempted to believe that I had no peculiar regard for her, and that her leaving me was not a trial;

for it was not indeed till the last farewel, that I could shed a tear! I am in this instance a great wonder to myself, and no doubt to those around me; but I cannot appear otherwise than I feel. Surely, I am not insensible to her worth or to my loss! Surely, it was none other than the LORD that upheld me!

September 22.

There is none like unto the LORD—He is carrying me through, and supporting me under, difficulties that have appeared insurmountable. I am now experiencing how much better he is to me than all my past fears. Be it a lesson to me for the future! All my afflictions, at least in general, seem to consist in dreadful apprehension and fearful anticipation: for when the trial comes upon me, I am so remarkably supported under it, that it often seems not to be compared with the bitter sensations I have expe-

rienced in looking forward to it. He is stripping me of one and another; and I know not where this pruning time will end. May I be resigned! Oh may I be profited by all I am called to pass through!

December 5.

Now the cloud is dissipated! Light, that hath been long sown, is at length sprung up! For ever blessed be the name of the LORD! Oh what a wonder working GOD! May I never forget my deep obligation to him, nor be remiss in looking up to him for the very great wisdom I shall stand in need of, to conduct myself aright in the very important situation I am looking forward to.

January 17, 1795.

On the 18th of December last I was united to my dearest husband. It was a day to be remembered by me, in which the LORD kindly dissipated all my fears, and gave me

the hand of my best-beloved friend. May a sense of this his great mercy, and wonderful appearance in our behalf, never be erased from my mind! I came hither on Thursday, Dec. 25, and was kindly received by my new relations; and their attention and indulgence to me have continued to increase. I have been indeed very, very happy; have had all that heart could wish, as it respects temporals; and I think I may add too, which is best of all, that I have been graciously and bountifully dealt with in my spiritual concerns.

February 3.

Still the LORD is following me with great goodness and mercy! O that in the midst of all, he would be pleased to keep me very humble, and under a continual sense of my utter insufficiency for any good thing, and in an entire dependence upon him for every supply of grace and wisdom that my new si-

tuation calls for. Above all, may I be made more than ever earnest to promote his glory, that I may walk worthy the profession which I make; and never be left in any respect to give occasion either to the world or to the church to say, that I am lifted up, or act inconsistently with being a disciple and follower of the meek and lowly JESUS. May the LORD in his great kindness be pleased to furnish me with all necessary wisdom, that I may recommend the gospel to those about me who are strangers to it, and help forward my dearest husband, or at least not in any wise be his hindrance in the divine life: finally, that I may carry it prudently, circumspectly, and affectionately to my dear charge. May I, now that I am called to it, act, as I have before expressed it, just such a part as I should wish another to do by mine.

February 26.

How can I describe the mercies and favours with which I continue to be surrounded, or the snares to which I am exposed? I find prosperity indeed to be a slippery path, and am often afraid of being disgracefully overcome by it. The LORD keep me prayerful and watchful, so that I may not be induced by solicitations, however plausible, to any thing sinful! I am receiving many attentions that are pleasing to my nature, and feel not a little gratified. The LORD forbid that my heart should be drawn away, much less given up to them! To this end, may he ever hide pride from my eyes! Oh that I may indeed set my face as a flint against every evil way, and not, as I fear I have already too much been, be over anxious to please the creature! Here is my easily besetting sin, and by which I am afraid I shall stumble. LORD direct me in every respect

for good! I am now looking up to him, to guide me in the proper choice of a servant.

May 2.

Oh that I had a heart to praise my GOD as I ought to do! But alas, alas, I grow careless, dead, and indifferent! I pray, but with how much formality! I read the word in the same manner. How much difference in the performance of these duties *now*, and seven or eight years ago! *Then* it was pleasant, *then* it was profitable. Oh that it were with me as in months past, when my soul drew near to the LORD in sweet and happy communion! Prayer was then my delight—How did I seek after opportunities for the enjoyment of it! But now I find an aching void. Creatures steal into my affections—I am not like the same person. Oh wretched that I am! Surrounded with every thing that heart can wish, as it respects this world, I cannot yet be completely happy, as I seem to be

living at a distance from GOD. By and by the rod will surely come to scourge me—I shall yet be brought back, though with weeping and supplication. But, LORD, deal gently with thy servant. Remember she is but dust. In the midst of deserved judgment, Oh for mercy!

September 9.

How good is the LORD to his unworthy servant! Oh that I had a heart filled with love and gratitude to him! He is dealing wonderfully with me, both in providence and grace: in respect of the former, I have every thing that I can possibly desire—I would never wish to be happier. And, concerning the latter, my comforts and consolations, as they relate to my present situation, are neither few nor small. I can sometimes, nay, in general, look forward to the moment of nature's sorrow and distress with a resignation and composure that cheers my very soul.

Even when under an apprehension that I may never live to be brought out of my difficulty, I feel as though I could say, 'either 'life or death, 'tis equal weight.' I believe it shall be well with me if called hence; and, if I be spared, Oh may I live to GOD! Truly can I say it, I feel, I fear nothing so much as for the dearest object of my delight and love. Here is a tie that I cannot easily give up: my soul cleaves to him; I pray over him, and could often weep too, but I fear distressing him. This animates me to keep up my spirits. LORD support him!

October 23.

Hitherto the LORD hath helped me surprisingly indeed! My comforts and consolations are very great. It seems sometimes to me as if the LORD had so determined that I should not despond, that if I stood in need of every promise in his word, it was at my command; for I feel a redundance of spiritual

support. Never any thing to be compared with it before!—Neither did my situation ever call for so much. I am not discomposed at any thing. In fact, I know not what I could not wade through: all proves this; "I can do all things through CHRIST which "strengtheneth me." Yet sometimes unbelief will suggest, that I am not come to the trying hour, nor do I know what that is, nor how I shall stand it, &c.: but these are as it were, momentary; for faith replies, "Fear not, I will be with thee, &c.;" "Call "upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver "thee, and thou shalt glorify me." And a vast variety of promises beside, crowd into my mind, so that I cannot give way to sorrow of heart: and, at all events, it would be folly; for, "He is of one mind, and who can "turn him?" He will perform the thing that is appointed for me, and whether life or death, I trust that all shall be well. If it be his heavenly will, I earnestly wish, that,

however severe and trying my pains of body may be, yet that I may not be left under an impatient spirit; but that he would graciously prevent me from murmuring, and from peevishly speaking foolishly and unadvisedly with my lips. My heart's desire is, that I may then be enabled to glorify him, to bear a testimony to all about me of the reality of religion; and that it will indeed support me under those trials which nature shrinks at, recoils from, and often sinks under.——Oh that in the moment of my greatest pain, I may have near and precious views of my interest in covenant-love and mercy! May my mind be composed; in a state of entire resignation to the LORD, however he may determine respecting me and mine! May I be enabled, while nature cries "if it be "possible, let this cup pass from me"—cheerfully to say, "not my will, but thine be done!"—The LORD make me one instance of the power of divine grace, in supporting

me under the pains and difficulties of child-birth, and to him shall be all the praise for ever and ever!

November 3.

I never had better spirits, if so good! And this is a great comfort, because I am enabled to behave cheerfully before my dearest love; and I trust my eyes are ever up to the LORD for deliverance. I would not wish to be carnally cheerful, to have a light and trifling mind: this would be a cross instead of a blessing. Oh may the LORD continue to stand by, and uphold me, even to the very end! But be this as it may, and should it be the last time of my writing here, let those into whose hands these lines may fall, take encouragement henceforth, from what has been done for me in a situation I once so much dreaded, to put their whole and sole confidence in the GOD of Jacob; for they may be well assured, there is nothing too

hard for him to do, and none that ever trusted in him shall finally be put to shame.

November 20.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, "whose mind is stayed on thee"—and I bless the LORD that this is greatly my case indeed. I scarcely ever know a variation from a steady trust and repose on the mercy of my GOD. He will, I think, he surely will, stand by to succour and support me in the moment of my extremity. Surely he will continue to vouchsafe me strength of body and vigour of mind, equal to the most trying pain. May I be enabled to glorify him in the fire! And, Oh that he may give me patience, and graciously prevent my murmuring under pain, or speaking unadvisedly with my lips! Rather may I be dumb with silence, and open not my mouth; remembering how far short it is of my deserts, how infinitely short of what my blessed Master

underwent for my sake, and of what I might have endured, but for him, to all eternity in hell. I wish I may, if it be his will, have a praying frame at the time; and that the Spirit of GOD may powerfully assist me, by bringing home parts of the word suitable to my time of need. Let a holy serenity be vouchsafed me, and, however sharp my sufferings, may I remember, with gratitude, the past great things he hath done for me, and be happily resigned to his all-wise determination respecting me and mine!

December 12.

What shall I render to the LORD for all his benefits toward *unworthy*, but I trust not ungrateful me? He hath wrought great things for me, whereof I have a right to be glad. In my distress I called upon the LORD —he heard—he answered, and graciously delivered me. Like indeed unto a woman in travail, I had sorrow when my hour was

come, but I have long since forgotten the anguish thereof, seeing I have been the honoured instrument of bringing a man-child into the world.

Oh how my heart cleaves to him! My bowels yearn over him; he is the child of many prayers, of many praises, and of many fears. Oh that he may be devoted to the service of our GOD from early youth! LORD make him thy peculiar care, watch over him in the helpless days of infancy, if it be thy heavenly will lead him up to manhood. Preserve him as much as possible from sinning against thee: and may he, late in life, die rejoicing in thee his father's and his mother's GOD, and be for ever with thee! Hear my many many petitions for my darling offspring—accept this my first-born, early—yea, from the very birth given up to thee, and graciously give me wisdom to act a right part in every respect towards him. May my dearest partner and myself, walk toge-

ther, agreed in our conduct to him; so that our best and mutual wishes and prayers on his behalf, may in no wise be hindered.

March 22, 1796.

A day to be had by me in everlasting remembrance! being that on which, I trust, the LORD was pleased to make himself known in a peculiar manner to my soul. He met with me, and drew me by the cords of his love. His way of dealing with me, was goodness and mercy; and ever since that, I may well say, "the lines have fallen to me "in very pleasant places." In every respect I have been favoured above thousands and tens of thousands; but this day especially, calls for my thankful remembrance and acknowledgements of those spiritual blessings which have been vouchsafed me. Oh how often, when there has been none other to help, save and deliver, hath the LORD appeared, dissipating gloomy fears and appre-

hensions; bidding the enemy of my soul to be gone; bringing in a sweet calm, when all within has been hurry and confusion; and crowning my utmost wishes with a sense of loving kindness to my soul: so that he has made the affliction, though grievous for the time, afterwards to yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. The LORD be praised for all that he has graciously done for, in, and by me, to this day!

September 26.

How much have I been exercised of late, without having even named it in this book! And chiefly my trouble arises from that which to all others would be no trouble at all: from a prospect of some changes in domestick matters, and from a feeling of such utter incapacity respecting them. I am to change my servant, and have not yet got another. I hope the LORD will direct my choice, and lead me to act a wise, pru-

dent, and consistent part in the management of household affairs. In every situation there requires wisdom—I feel ignorant—I know the LORD hath acted kindly by me in such matters: he hath often been better to me than all my fears, hath made darkness light, and crooked things straight:—and this I trust, he will yet do in this matter, and then give me fresh occasion to glorify his name. I am going to look over my trials concerning my dear William. How good hath the LORD been to me in this respect! so that I am much better able, than ever I expected to be, to keep him in tolerable subjection. But I still want much wisdom daily from above.

January 16, 1798.

I have been rescued from the jaws of death!—I have no adequate conception of the deliverance that has been wrought for me,—the greatest I believe, I ever had in my

life!—Oh how suddenly was I brought low! in a moment of time! It was a very mysterious, singular, and unaccountable circumstance. But it was the LORD's doing.—It was ever well done according to my views, though so marvellous in my eyes.

In consequence of the distressing event which occurred to me, I fainted away (a thing which never happened to me before) twice before I could be got to bed. This happened on the twenty-third of December. Christmas day was a suffering day to me indeed. For ten days I was never up but to have my bed made, and for a fortnight, when I attempted to stand, I had no more strength than an infant; so that I was obliged to be carried up and down stairs. It has been a painful, anxious affliction to the flesh; but, blessed be GOD, I felt, by his help, patient and resigned under his hand. I knew it to be my Father that was chastening me; I knew too, that it was infinitely less than I

deserved. I hoped that it would be sanctified to the good of my soul, and could truly say, even while under the rod, I would not have it otherwise.

I did hope that he would hereby teach me, more than ever, to see my entire dependence on him, the vanity and uncertainty of all sublunary good, and that I might indeed feel his work renewed in my soul. But I do not feel as I wish to do, and I am afraid lest that part in his blessed word should be verified in my experience, "He that being often "reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly "be destroyed, and that without remedy." I wish to have my whole soul more engaged toward GOD; that prayer, serious meditation, and reading his word were more my delight; but how often have I to complain, that my soul drags heavily in these spiritual exercises! Oh shall I never see better times? I bless the LORD that he gave me strength to tread his courts last Sunday, and I have reason

also to be thankful for his mercies towards my best beloved, and the dear babes, in that they have been preserved in usual health, &c ; and on all accounts I ought to be dissolved in thankfulness.

March 22, 1798.

Oh how much love and goodness have I to celebrate !—The LORD hath been, and is now, doing all that a GOD of infinite love and mercy can do. He is daily condescending to my manifold wants and necessities, supporting me under the crosses (trifling ones compared with many) which I am exercised with. But what returns do I make ? Am I growing in grace and the knowledge of the LORD JESUS ? Is my love towards him increasing, or am I not more and more every year tied to the world, cleaving to the earth ? I have no right to make my dear husband and children a plea for this ; for I know that the LORD hath a superior claim to them all : but they do most

certainly engross much of my time and attention, which should be occupied in the LORD's service. I stand reproved—I wish it were better with me—the LORD give me to see more and more the evil of my conduct, and turn me from it more unreservedly to himself! for truly I can say, he that knoweth all things, knoweth that I love him.

July 5, 1798.

I may well endeavour to submit to bodily afflictions when they come, and to other trivial inconveniences in a domestick way, when I reflect how much my comforts overbalance my crosses. Could I chuse the rod, where should I place it? On my beloved partner, on my precious babes, the fruit of my womb, the cares, the comforts of my life? Oh no—I welcome it in myself, rather than it should touch them. As for these sheep, what have they done? Mine is the sin, be mine the sorrow, only the

LORD give strength equal to my day, and enable me to glorify him by being patient in tribulation. I have always great reason for thankfulness on this score, and so indeed I have on every other.

July 13, 1799.

Last Thursday morning, my dear sweet infant breathed his last. His illness was short, but severe, I was going to say, in the extreme. Oh I cannot well express the vain and flattering thoughts I had, when I saw his pretty smiles that evening; such as, I think, were singularly idolatrous: but, since that, Oh how have I been reproved! That day week, instead of contemplating the sweet engaging looks of innocence, a pale corpse was the contrast! Those only, who are mothers, can guess my feelings.—His moans, his looks, pierced my very soul. I could hear every breath he drew, down in the parlour, where, for two hours, I think

I spent the most remarkable time of my life. The conflict I felt, I cannot express; but, however, doatingly fond as I was of my beloved charge, I felt at once, not only a *willingness*; but an earnest desire to resign him up into the hands of that GOD who gave him. Never did I entreat more earnestly, than I did, that it might please the LORD to cut short his work in righteousness and house my suffering lamb from the storm. My prayers were answered—I received the intelligence of his death with thankfulness; and, since the moment of his departure, glory be to the name of the LORD, I have not had a single wish for his return, if that were practicable. No—as I have said to those about me, if I could, by a breath of mine, breathe into him the breath of life, I would not do it. No—not for ten thousand worlds. I am, as I have been many times before, a wonder to myself. I can look upon my dear departed dust and ashes with a thankful plea-

sure. Sometimes nature rebels, and calls to my tortured remembrance many tender circumstances, which serve to renew and increase my grief; but, upon the whole, grace abundantly prevails; and I have far more pleasant than painful feelings upon the occasion. Now I know emphatically, what it is to rejoice in tribulation. My nature has never had such a shock as this; but the LORD has made me, not only resigned and submissive, but, even to glory in my present affliction. Yes, if ever my tongue uttered the language of my heart, it did, when I said to my beloved husband, "He gave, he hath taken "away, and blessed for ever blessed be his "name!"—Yes, from my inmost soul, I can say, "Thy will be done."—The exercise of my mind is various. Sometimes I call to mind the pains and uneasiness of pregnancy, and the severe suffering I had in bringing him into the world—and then I think, are not the ways of the LORD mysterious? What

end was it to answer? Then I severely chide and reprove myself. Have I not been made the honoured instrument of bringing that into existence, which shall be eternally blessed? And is not this worth suffering for? Oh yes—I feel it is.—At some periods the enemy of my soul seems to gain a trifling advantage by insinuating thus, 'You can't 'call this a divine support—it is insensibility '—you want susceptibility—sure you did not 'love the child, or you could never look at, 'or think about him without weeping.' But had I ever a greater proof that he is the father of lies than this! What! persuade me that I did not love that which was perhaps too much my idol. At other times when I am endeavouring to console myself by reflections on his present blessed state, I seem to be attacked by a new sort of temptation, and I am harassed by infidel objections to the reality of the future state; but upon the whole, grace and consolation have by

far the predominancy. Now I am in the school of discipline;—and fain would I learn all the lessons my heavenly Father has to teach me by this providence. Love has guided the rod—Oh that I may never more rebel. Ah what a sweet peace and calmness of soul do I at times experience! My spirit seems broken at the foot of the cross. So may it continue, and may he who best knows my besetting sins, enable me often there to come and crucify them; hoping, praying, and desiring that they may there die, never more to revive. Hear my prayer, so far as consists with thy will; and, gracious God, grant a continuance of thy support, through all the painful circumstances I am yet to be exercised with.

January 3, 1800.

I am ashamed, and yet obliged to confess, that I live at a great distance from my God. It is very true, that I do not omit the *forms*

of prayer; but I lament that I feel no more the power and spirit of it. Sometimes however, I must say, I have happy seasons at a throne of grace; but I am often afraid that my outward conduct is but little influenced thereby. Hence it is, that I too often feel the strength of unholy tempers and unmortified affections: and for these cursed evils I am continually brought into bondage. Oh, who shall deliver me from the plague of my own heart? I am sure, if the LORD at my first outset in religion did not see fit to show unto me the exceeding sinfulness of sin, but the beauty and excellency of CHRIST and Christianity; he has since been pleased in a measure to reverse the order of his working; and I bless the SPIRIT of GOD that he is teaching me (however hard the lesson) the evil of sin, and thereby leading me to know the depth of my own heart.

With respect to providential things, the

LORD smiles upon us. Our dear offspring, now all with us, are in health and thriving. The heavy complaints to which (having never had them) they are constantly exposed, sometimes lie heavy on my spirits; but I humbly hope and pray that the LORD may be with me, if ever he calls me to walk through that furnace of affliction. Nay, while I am writing, my faith and confidence triumph under a blessed assurance that he will. Has he wonderfully supported me when severing the, till then, flourishing branch from the root? Can I recollect such seasons, the best of my life, and ever doubt of his being at all times, as he was then, my ready and present help in time of need?

Oh what an indebted creature I am! Mercies in every thing that I enjoy! Oh that I could but make some suitable, though never adequate, returns! But I daily feel such short comings, as make me to abhor

myself in dust and ashes. In *myself*, Oh wretched that I am ! but in every thing else, who so happy !

January 27.

In about a week our little maid, who has been with us three years and a half, is to leave us. All her ill conduct I frankly forgive her, and hope she may yet grow up to be an useful and valuable member of society. I confess I feel more than usual on these occasions, as her best interest has always been near my heart, and I fear she may not better herself in the most important things. From motives of conscience, I have been very particular with her in many respects; and I humbly hope and trust that some piece of advice or other may find place in an unthinking mind, and yet prevent her feet from running so eagerly into sin, as might otherwise be the case. But this I must leave, and commit her into the hands of that God who

made her, and is able to make her his; an event which would afford unspeakable pleasure to my soul. To Him I commend her in prayer; as well as my very dear husband, beloved children, and unworthy self.

August 6.

I must never, no never, with so many mercies, complain. I welcome all myself; but when my relatives are afflicted, then I say, "but as for these lambs, what have "they done?" Mine is the sin, be mine the sorrow.—My own health and strength are as good as ever.

I feel daily I need much wisdom to bring up aright my dear children in the fear, nurture, and admonition of the LORD. How often do I exclaim, under a feeling sense of incompetence for this important office, LORD, who is sufficient for these things? Rightly to correct and reprove, and always in a right spirit, is on all accounts very desirable.

August 13.

Oh when shall I get rid of sin? Truly my soul longs for holiness of heart, life, and conversation. I find at times evil tempers have the ascendancy, in a way that makes me ashamed of myself. We seem to ourselves and appear to others, to be very pleasant and good-tempered, when we have no trials; but how sadly do I behave myself when things run counter to my wishes! How much are we indebted to the Holy Spirit, that these dispositions are in any measure restrained! or how vile we should be, who can tell? Lord, forgive all my sin! I feel always sad short comings, and am not, what I trust I most ardently wish to be, conformed to the glorious image of my blessed Lord and Master. Oh, when shall that happy day arrive, when, leaving with a final separation all sin and sorrow, I shall be introduced into the presence of that God I

love? Oh that my desires for it were more fervent!

August 19.

Oh that I could but serve the LORD as I wish to do! But I must feel the conflict here—This is the place of warfare—None of this when we get to heaven. Then

"Shall all my pow'rs find sweet employ."

Now they are grovelling too much below. But there remains a rest, a blessed rest for the people of GOD. Thither doth not my soul aspire? But for my beloved husband and the tender babes, surely there is nothing here worth living for, or being concerned about; unless I should be an instrument in the least degree of bringing glory to his name. Then for me "to live is CHRIST, "and to die, gain."

September 4.

I feel my spirits depressed. Oh that I could attain to a greater submission of soul to the wise dispensations of a kind indulgent God, who manages all our concerns with an unerring hand! But I am so soon shaken and tossed to and fro by my own wretched feelings! Since I wrote here, my very dear, deservedly dear, husband has been again afflicted; so has my dear little one, and last night my beloved William. Under all this, if my heart were as open to the world, as it is to that God with whom we have to do, would it not be justly said, that thus when troubles come upon me, I am like a wild bull in a net? Oh have I known the Lord for thirteen years, and made no greater progress! Why not more unreservedly leave them in his hand who hath hitherto made, and will never fail to make, all things work together for good to them that love him. And do

not I love him? Though I feel so much sin, and so many many departures of heart from him; yet I cannot but conclude, that the bent of my soul is to him and his ways. But the sin, Oh the cursed sin and evil of my heart! If death is a deliverance from sin, surely to the believer it must be gain. But husband and children are such a preponderating weight, that, except in the view above mentioned, I can hardly think of death without terror and dismay. The little ones lie heavy on my heart in many respects. God almighty preserve their lives to be devoted to himself! and then he only will know the joy of my heart, that I should have been the instrument of bringing such dear babes into existence. The very thought of their being *eternally miserable!* Oh it would pierce a heart of stone! Lord preserve them from this for Jesus' sake! Amen and Amen.

September 15.

Will the LORD be pleased once more to direct me in the choice of a servant? I feel it an important matter. Oh that I might be favoured with a servant of his own to serve me! Well, there is nothing too hard for him to accomplish.

October 9.

My servants give me much trouble; but I know I must have trouble. If not in my own person, or in those so near and dear to me, as husband and children, it must be somewhere: but then my heart inclines to think, why should it be from this quarter? There seems no just cause for it. Yet my better judgment again replies, this is not our rest. Trials we must have; and, that being the case, where could it be better? It is a trial of my wisdom, my patience, and especially my resolution. Here I have to lament

that I often experience feelings like these; if I do not reprove at the moment, I cannot find courage to do it at another time; and thus too many faults pass unnoticed: and for such conduct as this my heart stands condemned. I have many things on my mind at present, concerning which I feel I know not how to act as I ought. Oh that the LORD would be pleased to condescend to notice my mean affairs, and grant me prudence to discern which path I shall take; not only as it respects my own comfort in these things, but that which shall effectually promote his glory in and by me. But if I may ask in this matter, Oh that I might be favoured with one in the capacity I want, that would be kind by day and night to my beloved offspring—No tale-bearer, no back-biter—One that would not ascribe all one's sayings and doings to mean and base motives —One earnest for GOD's glory. Such a servant would be a comfort to me; but I again

repeat, I must not have all my good things here. Gracious God! thou hast helped me through many embarrassments; and the more my heart has trusted in thee, the more have I been helped. Look upon and help me; bring me through my present difficulty, and give me a thankful heart!

October 15.

The Lord knows my heart, and how much I love my dear children. I would not spoil them, but I am often afraid I do not sufficiently correct them as I ought. Indeed, since the severe illness of my dear William, how hard have I felt it to be obliged to lay my hand upon him! I do think it has been a severe temptation to me: I mean, I fear when I am constrained to correct him lest, if the Lord should take him from me, it should give occasion for bitter reflections.

November 17.

On the 15th of this month our three dear boys were inoculated for the cow-pox. O LORD, grant thy blessing in what we have done! I trust, in faith and dependence on thee, and with much prayer for success. I am sure, unless the LORD be favourable to us in this important matter, it will answer no end. I can truly say, that with the deep sense I have of his great goodness to me, in sparing the life of my dear William with the measles; that it would grieve my heart to shew by my conduct that, after such a deliverance, I could not trust him in the present instance: but I view this as a mean put into our hands, for the benefit of these dear charges committed to our trust, and for whom we ought to act in all respects as appears best for the improvement of their minds; and the preservation of their lives and health: with such ideas as these, had they catched the small pox, which is now much

in the town and very fatal; though I might have been convinced that there is no evil in the city that the LORD hath not done, yet I cannot but think, we should have been verily guilty in not availing ourselves of a discovery for the prevention of this disorder, which appears to be very wonderful indeed.

January 3, 1801.

Another year is begun. Who can tell what scenes our eyes may behold before the close of it? LORD prepare us for every change, and by every change prepare us for thy dear self. When domestick comforts may for wise reasons be interrupted, Oh may it ever lead me to thyself! Thou Blessed Fountain of unchangeable happiness, by every dispensation bring me near to thee. Teach me properly to estimate all created good, and to hold it with a loose hand, and still looser heart. LORD, make me what thou wouldest have me to be; and whenever

I depart from thee in any respect, enable me to apply to the blood of sprinkling for cleansing, and to thy Holy Spirit for restoration and firm establishment. With the new year, Oh for warm desires for GOD! For close communion with him, both in secret and publick ordinances, and for direction in the management of every concern!

March 27. St. Peter's.

Hither by the good pleasure of my GOD was I brought on the 23d of this month, with my dear children all in perfect health. Oh what an inestimable mercy! This time twelvemonth was a season of the sharpest affliction I have ever known; and to this day the very recollection of it is too apt to fill my heart with sorrow. The impression has indeed been deep and lasting; but it is all well. I hope I am not wrong in indulging officious memory, in bringing to my mind those images of grief, which my good

and gracious God saw fit to remove, by the restoration of my beloved William. Why then "not return unto thy rest, O my soul, seeing that the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee?" I think I can say from my heart the words of the cxvi Psalm. St. Peter's, and particularly this room in which I write, has witnessed many of my sorrows and joys before that truly distressing period of my child's illness. Here I have experienced the uplifting of my heavenly Father's countenance, and here also I have mourned his absence, whilst I have felt strong conflicts with the enemy of souls. Here have I spent a long period in darkness, as it respected providential concerns; and here have I also rejoiced in delivering grace. Judgment and mercy have I alternately sung of in this very room; and can I call to mind such interesting circumstances, and not feel sensible emotion? Oh let them be of gratitude and deep humility, that my mercies

have been continued so long, and that I have improved them no more to the glory of that GOD whose I am, and whom I serve.

May 8.

Yesterday I returned from my pleasant visit at St. Peter's to my comfortable habitation. Oh for a more grateful heart to GOD, and all my dear friends, for the great kindness I received while there! But I did not *there*, any more than *here*, feel my heart so devoted to GOD as I could wish; nor do I feel such strong aspirations, such pantings after him as I desire, and as I have before experienced. What is the cause? I am at no loss to answer. My sinful self, my depraved corrupt will and affections continually war, and sometimes seem to get ground; so that I am constrained to acknowledge, "what I would not, "that I do, and do that which I allow not," and leave undone what I ought to do. Oh sin! what hast thou done? Oh to be rid of

such vile propensities, such heart-departures from GOD! Does heaven consist in conformity to the dear SAVIOUR? LORD, awaken my desires for the enjoyment!

July 18.

Oh that we could witness better times with regard to the prosperity of Zion! But chiefly have I to lament my own self, my barrenness and unprofitableness. I never do the things that I would, in that ardent earnest way I wish to do. My heart does not enter into the spirit of prayer as I would have it; and this is the very life of the soul: our experience will never be good till we have melting seasons at the throne of grace. But I am often driven from it by a hurrying spirit. Oh that the LORD would make me more holy! then I should be more happy and more devoted to him. Oh for a good day to-morrow!

October 15.

Oh that it may please the LORD to answer the many fervent prayers, which have lately been offered among us by our ministering brethren! LORD, look upon and qualify thy dear servant (our newly appointed pastor) for every part of his important work, and crown all his labours with abundant success! Oh, do him and all of us good, for the dear SAVIOUR'S sake! Exceed all that we can think or ask on our united accounts, and thy name alone shall have the praise. And will the LORD also condescend to look upon his unworthy creature, and bless her with his presence, and preserve her through the painful period to which she fast approaches? Sometimes my heart is ready to sink at the prospect; at others, I rejoice in being thus brought into a state of entire dependence on GOD. Oh that it may be well with myself, and in every respect so with my dear babe!

October 26.

Last Tuesday evening, the 20th of this month, I was delivered (Oh how mercifully!) of a dear girl. How shall I ever praise the LORD, who so speedily helped me from an extremity of pain beyond what I almost ever experienced! My heart seems melted down under a sense of peculiar mercy; and I do most cheerfully devote all I have and am afresh to the service of that kind and gracious GOD, who so tenderly pitied the low estate of his handmaid, who so graciously condescended to my requests, and was better, abundantly better to me than all my fears!

December 31.

Brought nearly to the close of another year. Oh what innumerable mercies have I received! LORD, make me thankful and still dependent upon thee! I have chiefly to write this morning in the way of lamenta-

tion. Oh my evil heart! ever prone to leave the LORD. Now that he has brought me through my trouble, I neither feel so grateful as I ought to do for the past, nor so dependent (as I really am) on him for the future! But what shall I say of the continued mercy of my GOD? It is to that I am indebted for the health of myself, and the best of husbands, and the dear children, my much loved Elizabeth not excepted. LORD grant that she may grow up to chuse her mother's part! but with far more credit to religion, glory to GOD, and comfort to her own soul.

February 1, 1802.

The year has commenced, and a month of it elapsed without my here acknowledging the good hand of GOD, which has been over me and all mine! All the paths of the LORD are mercy and truth. Oh for a heart to feel them so at all times and under all circum-

stances! My dearly beloved Elizabeth has been exceedingly ill indeed. Saturday last my heart was very, very full: I really thought I should have lost her. But in the midst of truly deserved judgment, the LORD remembered mercy. I was very much distressed—Appearances were very gloomy; but my distress was principally aggravated by the painful fear that my sins had procured it all. This melted my idolatrous heart. Never sure was such a rebel against mercy, judgment, and repeated fatherly corrections. I have often indeed feared I loved her too much, and then I very keenly reaped the fruits of my inordinate attachment. When I lost my still much-loved John, I thought then I had such a lesson as I should never forget. Little did I then think my heart would be betrayed into the same immoderate love. Oh that by the special blessing of GOD, this may most effectually cure me of my evil propensity! May the constant lan-

guage of my soul hereafter be, What have I to do any more with idols? Oh that I may learn to rejoice with trembling! Now that she seems to be recovering, may my affections more than ever cleave to the LORD, the Fountain of all true happiness! Oh that my GOD would bless the means still using, and perfect her recovery to health and strength. Grant, gracious GOD, that my meditations this night may be sweet!

> "In secret silence of the mind,
> "My heav'n, and there my GOD I find."

With what tender feelings shall I this silent night watch my precious charge!

March 23.

Yesterday fifteen years was the day of all others to be remembered by me: that in which the mercy of GOD secured a rebel to himself. Blessed be his dear name for what he then did, and continues to do for the most

unworthy! Oh what base returns of love hath my Creator found for love so infinite as his! Ah! my rebellious heart! the seat of sin and sorrow. If future years, or days only, be allotted me, may my steps be directed and kept in the ways of peace and purity! I have many things that I might speak of both as to mercy and judgment. The LORD in infinite wisdom has seen fit to put a negative to our wishes respecting some temporal things: but shall we, who have known so much of him, as a wonder-working GOD, give up all for lost? No—I dare not. I can trust my soul, and, blessed be his name, my body too, and those very near to me, in his dear hands.

April 24.

How negligent am I in recounting the mercies of the LORD, which follow and increase towards me and mine! Not that I have been without the rod. Such a rebel-

lious worm as I am can never expect this long together; unless the LORD were to say in his wrath, as he did of Ephraim, " He is " joined to idols, let him alone." How richly does my idolatrous heart deserve this! though I think I can say, as far as I know myself, I dread more than death the thought of being given up to my own vile propensities. That's a true word, " He that increaseth " knowledge increaseth sorrow;" for I seem to live but to find more and more in myself to make me repent in dust and ashes. The LORD's infinitely wise conduct leads me to find out what a rebellious child I am. I am seldom long together without chastisement; and I know he never afflicts willingly or grieves the children of men, but that there is a good reason for it; and this I believe, in my case, to be my own sins and iniquities. My beloved husband has been much afflicted in body: Oh what feelings did I then experience! Such as are not to be described.

How can I sufficiently praise the LORD for his recovery! Oh for a thankful heart!

May 31.

Alas! Alas! how little do mortals know of joys or sorrows to come! As was proposed, I went to St. Peter's with my beloved children in safety—was very poorly in the week with a cold, &c; but on the Monday and Tuesday tolerable. On Wednesday the 12th was suddenly alarmed, and called home by the very sudden death, of the honoured father of my worthy husband. He had been as well as usual on that day, but was snatched into eternity in a moment, without the least previous warning! I found the affectionate, the dutiful son overwhelmed in tears. The supports of the gospel however, were not wanting to soothe his troubled breast; for, glory be to GOD! he is again enabled to hold up his head.

June 2.

The LORD knows what I need, to enable me properly to conduct myself in so important a situation as that before me. Most sincerely may I confess, " so foolish and " ignorant am I, that, in this respect, I am " as a beast before him." He knows what I feel of insufficiency in myself, and of my entire dependence on him for all: and Oh, will he condescend to be better to me than all my fears? Give me the grace suited to my station; all the humility, the wisdom, prudence, courage, &c, &c, that I feel I want; strength of body and mind; and, above all, spirituality of soul. Sometimes I think I shall never be happy there; but GOD is the same in every place, and, as far as my happiness is made up in him, I trust I shall enjoy myself as much there, as, blessed for ever be his name, I have done here.

June 22.

The name of the LORD be praised! How kindly has he hitherto supported his unworthy servant! Glory be to his holy name, that I have felt, in dependence on him, very, very happy. The LORD has been my strength, and has comforted me in my new habitation: and will he not continue to me all I need to fit me for every day's service? I doubt not but he will; having, in this fresh instance, been better, abundantly better to me, than all my many fears. Oh for love and gratitude, and dependence entirely on him! My beloved husband, my dear children and self are well, and we have had good accounts from our friends. Blessed be GOD for all he has done for us and ours!

July 7.

The LORD be praised for all his mercies to the most unworthy! Oh how forgetful am I

in my returns of love and gratitude! I am surprised at his mercies to me, when I reflect on my sinful self. Here I am surrounded with every worldly thing that heart could wish. How much better hath the LORD been to me than all my fears! I am a wonder to myself. Oh for more love—for more alacrity in the very best of all services! I love the LORD, but Oh how imperfectly! He is good to me in his mercies to my dear children, the best of husbands, and the vilest of the vile, my wicked self!

END OF THE DIARY.

LETTERS.

TO MISS ———

No. I.

FEARFUL, my dear, you might think me unkind in leaving M—— without calling on you, I could by no means reconcile myself to your going from us, without first informing you of my only reasons for this seeming negligence. The subject of your grief was so much impressed on my mind, that the very idea of seeing you seemed not a little painful to me; and, as I was well convinced of my own inability to console you on the death of your dear sister, and assured of your having a far better Comforter than any earthly friend; I was induced, though not without some re-

gret, to leave you in the very abrupt manner I did.

I doubt not but the LORD will give you strength equal to your day. Well indeed might the Psalmist say, " Many are the af- " flictions of the righteous." You, alas! have experienced this; but let us, for a moment, take a view of them, and then can we not join with him in saying, " It hath been " good for us that we have been afflicted?" Oh, could we but learn the sentiments of her who is gone, surely she would not scruple to say, ' Verily it has, for he has chosen me in the furnace of affliction.' She is now in the full possession of that eternal weight of glory she so longed for. But this is a subject, on which neither time nor my abilities will permit me to enlarge. It is my earnest prayer to the LORD, that you may be supported through the trying season much to your advantage and his glory. But I forget myself—I am writing to one much older

than I am. Pardon the liberty I have taken in making myself so familiar, and addressing you in the very imperfect manner I have done. I can only say, I sincerely wish every blessing to attend you and your family.

My mamma desires her love. I can truly say, we have all sympathised with you in the affliction, and earnestly lament your loss.

Shall I, before I conclude, intreat the favour of a line, informing me of your safe arrival in London, how you are in health, and if your spiritual concerns are in a flourishing state? Our united respects to your family, with love to all friends. I remain, my dear friend,

Your affectionate

M. B.

LETTER II.

St. Peter's, 24th Sept. 1789.

My very dear Friend,

I embrace the first opportunity, after hearing of your safe arrival in London, to present my sincere congratulations to you on the marriage of your ——, and my best wishes for his and your happiness. How much of our comfort consists in seeing those we have an affection for happy! Perhaps too much so. It is often a snare to us: we sometimes feel embarrassed on their account, and this draws and alienates our affections from the Supreme Object of delight. We shall never find one more worthy of our love than He, who commands us to look unto him even in the midst of prosperity, as well as in adversity.

No doubt my dear friend feels that she needs as much the counsel of an almighty

Manager to guide her now, as she did in seasons of trial and distress.

Your present situation calls you to mix with the world much more than formerly; but I trust the inward frame of your mind is still a steady reliance on, and uninterrupted confidence in, the strength of Israel, who hath commanded us to come out from every unclean and polluted thing, and to be as much as possible separated from the garment spotted with the flesh.

I hope, my dear, you will still remember that you are a letter in my debt, and that you have a friend at St. Peter's impatient to hear from you. Till then,

I remain, my dear ——,

Your truly affectionate friend,

M. B.

LETTER III.

Sept. 13, 1790.

The receipt of a letter from my dear friend afforded me much pleasure. Many thanks for her good wishes to me respecting my better part. Surely it should be an abiding consolation to the christian, that in all his various changes and trials here, he may have a refuge in an immutable and merciful God. Had it not been for this strong hold, numbers must have sunk under the oppressive weight of adversity; who by this firm and unshaken confidence have been carried superior to the most complicated scenes of trouble. Those who glitter in the path of prosperity are exposed to strong temptation; and many, who with divine support have smiled at the billows of adversity, have been deluded and suffered loss in the calm of prosperity. The greater then should be their thankfulness,

who in the midst of these vicissitudes are still kept humble at the feet of JESUS, earnestly desiring to be taught those things which pertain to their immortal interests. I am persuaded the believer learns more of his own heart, and the insufficiency of all earthly enjoyments, at the Throne of grace, than any where else. Surely, while he is contemplating the excellencies of his precious Immanuel, the world with all its glittering baubles must appear altogether worthless in his sight. Has not this been some time or other our happy experience?

You may be assured, that one of my first visits in M—— will be to you; but when that will take place I am not warranted to assert. Pray remember me to Miss ——. I sincerely condole with her on the melancholy death of her most valuable aunt; and earnestly wish it may be a sanctified affliction to every branch of the family, and that they may experience the truth of what Beza said,

when he heard of the decease of Calvin, 'I 'have now a fresh motive to leave the earth, 'and fix my affections on things above.' I shall now lay aside my pen, after intreating you to believe me as usual,

Your affectionate and most sincere,

M. B.

LETTER IV.

St. Peter's, March 21, 1792.

My dear friend's much esteemed favour arrived about ten days after date.—Better late than never. I confess I had almost given up the pleasing expectation of hearing from you at all, as such a length of time had elapsed since your leaving M——; but I must not say a word, as indisposition was your hindrance.

You say, you hope I go on my way rejoicing. Oh! my friend, many are the changes in experience and providence that I have

witnessed since you left M——; and I find it hard, nay, impracticable, to maintain an uninterrupted joy in the LORD. I would be thankful for any measure of consolation afforded me, whereby I am enabled to stay my mind upon him; believing that, although changes are appointed for me, I have an abiding interest in an unchangeable Friend, one "that sticketh closer than a brother:" and I am more fully persuaded than ever, that it is only having a right to, and a confidence in, such an immutable GOD, which will make our difficulties and trials any way supportable to us; for human nature recoils at the idea of suffering. May it be our lot to rejoice in tribulation, knowing the blessed effects thereof, and that "our light afflictions, "which comparatively are but for a moment, "work out for us a far more exceeding and "eternal weight of glory."

I am greatly obliged by your transmitting me Mr. N——'s lines; I think there is in

them, as well as in all his other works that I have seen, a true spirit of christianity.

I know not when I shall be in London, but you will assuredly hear from me before you see me.

Pray remember me most affectionately to your brother and sister, and believe me truly

Yours in much sincerity,

M. B.

LETTER V.

St. Peter's, March 25, 1793.

Delays are dangerous: I will therefore embrace the present opportunity, being a good one, to acknowledge the receipt of my dear friend's welcome letter. It was with pleasure I heard of the LORD's favourable appearance in behalf of your sister. For this merciful deliverance vouchsafed her, I trust she will have a thankful and a grateful heart. The best congratulation I can offer

on this occasion is, that I sincerely wish both root and branch may be spared to be monuments of GOD's distinguishing grace here, and partakers of his glory hereafter. These are truly the choicest blessings the LORD has in reserve to bestow, and in comparison with which there is nothing deserves our attention: and yet how much are we living upon the things of time and sense, beneath our privileges and also the profession we make, of being strangers and pilgrims here below! Is there not, my dear friend, naturally too great an attachment, too great a cleaving in us, to worldly objects? and shall we not, on this account, have reason to go mourning all our days? I firmly believe your experience so well tallies with my own in this respect, that we may each of us answer in the affirmative; and yet is it not a shame that it should be so with us? for verily the LORD our GOD has the first claim to our hearts.

We should not hesitate then a moment in making him that surrender, which he is so justly entitled to. You will be anxious to know how it is with me: report tells you how things go *outwardly*, but that should be the least of our concern, though it too often gains the ascendancy. The LORD is truly kind to me; I have, my friend, very much to be thankful for: surely the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places. But alas! how much have I to be humbled under! What base returns do I make him for all his abundant goodness to my soul! I have daily reason to renew that petition, "GOD be "merciful to me a sinner," and to be thankful that it is written in his word, "He re-"ceiveth such." Oh that he would make me humble, and keep me very near to himself; though I hope never to be satisfied, till I awake up with his likeness in glory. How surprisingly my pen has run on! I assure you I have had a pleasant time in writing to

you; but I must forbear enlarging, as I purpose by this opportunity dropping my aunt a few lines. Follow my example, and I will not complain of you.

My father and mother unite with me in the kindest remembrance to all your dear family; and I intreat of you to believe me

Your affectionate friend,

M. B.

TO MRS. ———

LETTER I.

St. Peter's, Dec. 9, 1789.

My dear and much esteemed Friend,

You can scarcely conceive the pleasure your welcome letter afforded me. After so long a silence, I began to despair of hearing from you again. I can, however, freely forgive all that is past, if you will but

promise me to be better for the future, and do let me have long letters from you. It is indeed one of the greatest earthly comforts conferred on me, to be acquainted with the welfare of those I much love.

Truly, as you notice, there is a very great danger of cleaving too close to this world. The great antidote against it is to set our affections on things above. The Christian stands indeed in the most imminent danger, when his treasure is placed in earthly vessels. What a blessing it is, that in condescension to our weakness and instability the LORD has declared that " he knoweth our frame, he " remembereth we are but dust." Numerous as the promises are to the children of GOD, how frequently are we apt to depend on any bruised reed, rather than on the eternal Rock of ages! No doubt you can with me experimentally answer in the affirmative. Well—but a short time, a few more years elapsed, and we shall be con-

formed to the glorious image of our blessed Pattern. When he who is our Life " shall " appear, we shall be like him, for we shall " see him as he is," without a veil between. No interposition, not a shadow to eclipse the view of him " whom now not seeing we " love." When I talk or write of this, I am as if I did not know how to leave off; but when I reflect on the time of night, that it is now after eleven o'clock, I must refrain. I knew if I did not answer your obliging favour to-night, I should not have an opportunity for some days; and you would then have reason indeed to accuse me of negligence.

Now do, pray do, my dear friend, write me a long letter, and very soon. I receive it almost as the greatest testimony of love you can confer on me. Believe me

Ever yours unalterably,
and in strict affection,
M. B.

LETTER II.

Margate, August 23, 1802.

Concluding that by this time, my dear friend may be allowed to read a scrawl, containing sincere congratulations on the happy event of the 8th, I venture to take up my pen, and will endeavour not to be tedious. What has God wrought! may again be said, and another Ebenezer raised to the praise of his name. With fresh merciful deliverances may my dear Mrs. —— feel renewed devotedness and gratitude to the kind Author of them all! Oh that the life-spared and the life-given may be the Lord's as long as life shall last! - - - - - - - - - -

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Your dear girl is, I hope, all that your fond heart can wish for, as it respects promising appearances of health and strength; and allow me to join the general wish of your

friends, that she may grow up to be a comfort and reward to (I must say) the best of mothers.

I am my dear Mrs. ——'s

Affectionate and obliged friend,

M. C.

TO MRS. ——

No. I.

Feb. 21, 1792.

Many are the changes I have experienced since I last wrote to you. Oh my dear ——, is it possible that a few weeks can have made such an alteration in my circumstances! In many respects I am not like the same person; I mean, as being the subject of different joys, fears, &c. You see I am under no restraint. In making a matter of this sort known, it might probably have been requisite to have ushered it in with

a train of apologies, had I not been assured that I was writing to one whom I look upon as a sincere friend: and it is wisely said that "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak." I have many, very many things which I would wish to communicate to you; but feel a reluctance in committing some of them to paper. I should prize an hour's conversation with you at this juncture; but as this is not attainable at present, must content myself with this mode of holding intercourse with you: and the more readily, because I do hope you will favour me by writing your sentiments, and that freely, upon my present situation. I am sure of this one thing, that I never stood more in need of counsel and instruction than at this time; and most gladly would I receive any advice which you could give me.

I have great reason to lament that I do not find myself so submissive to the LORD as it is my duty to be, from a profession I make

of being his child: and though I acknowledge that creatures are only as instruments in his hand, yet too apt am I to rebel against them, forgetting that they are only what he is pleased to make them. I say sometimes, " Not my will, but thine be " done," (and I would believe and hope that in reality this is my desire) but then alas, how do I wish to make some secret reserve! In fact, I am at times so perplexed, that I am ready to give up all for lost, and to believe that my apparent most humble surrenders are the greatest acts of insincerity and hypocrisy. But yet after all, the LORD knows I would be right with him; and wherein I am deficient, in resigning myself and my every concern to his all-wise disposal, I pray that he would vouchsafe unto me a spirit willingly to give up every idol that stands in competition with himself, for " there is none on earth that I desire in comparison with him." No, he has been gracious to me—

he is a tried Friend—he has been my GOD, helping me in every time of past need and necessity; and I hope that my lips will always be open to shew forth his praise, and to declare what he has, in infinite mercy, done for my soul. And I do hope and trust, that however he, in his great wisdom, may see fit to order respecting me in this very important matter, he will never leave me in any way to bring a disgrace upon the profession I have made. The thought of this wounds me much, and I pray that his honour may ever lie near my heart. I have fed upon unseen realities; and hope I shall never be left spiritually to starve; and that the LORD, by giving me my heart's desire, will not send leanness into my soul. "They that observe lying vanities," it is truly said, "forsake their own mercies." Oh! my dear ——, unite with me in prayer that I may not be left to experience this; and do be pleased to request on my behalf, that the LORD will prepare me for whatever

unseen difficulties he has in reserve for me. Thus you will do me the greatest kindness, and afresh evince to me, that you have a real regard for my welfare. I would not confine you from making my dear —— acquainted with any part of this letter which you may see prudent to communicate to him; but further I would not wish the contents to go. Indeed, you are the only person to whom I have made myself thus unreservedly known, and trust these frank confessions in my part will plead for a long epistle from you. My mother unites with me in the most affectionate remembrance to ——.

Believe me yours sincerely,

M. B.

LETTER II.

March 21, 1792.

Such a speedy reply to my imperfect scrawl has laid me under fresh obligations to

my dear ——. I received your letter as a peculiar mark of your affection to me, and many thanks are due to you for it. 'A 'friend in need is a friend indeed;' and I assure you, I never stood in such need of counsel and direction as at this time; nor did I ever feel so unwilling to receive instruction, that is, when it crosses my natural wishes and desires. Under a sense of this I desire to be humbled. I hope the LORD will teach me many useful lessons in this state of great embarrassment. Yes, I have *talked* of resignation to the will of the LORD, and I *thought* of it too; but now I find it at times a hard matter to *feel* it. Many are the mercies that I have to be thankful for; and one of the greatest is, that of being enabled to pour out my soul before the LORD in prayer. Surely I never so highly prized an opportunity of going to a throne of grace as within these few months; and I do request that I may be enabled to act aright in this very

important affair that now calls for all my consideration.

Be not under the least apprehension of giving offence by speaking your sentiments freely. I have, I believe, frequently said to you, that real faithfulness is a mark of true affection; and I still retain the same idea, being persuaded that many err, ignorantly, for want of a friend who will be sufficiently candid, to point out wherein they are wrong. Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

M. B.

LETTER III.

I am just apprised of ——'s intention of setting off for town this afternoon; and embrace it as a favourable opportunity of dropping a few lines to my dear ——; indeed I am particularly urged to write, by ——'s understanding from you that you had received no answer to your letter. It will greatly

concern me, if my scrawl escaped your hand; for, though but a scrawl, and that very imperfect, it nevertheless contained matters of the most serious consequence to me. Pray relieve my anxiety by as short an acknowledgement of it as you shall see fit, if that be in your power.

Our good minister, addressing us last Sabbath day from the 5th verse of the 36th Psalm, gave us much encouragement, by observing that, the faithfulness of a covenant-God reached unto all the *providential clouds* that his people were called to pass under. Oh! what an unspeakable mercy to have a God to go to: I *have* found, and *do* still find it so; for in the darkest moments I am often made to rejoice in a persuasion that he is my Friend: and I would write and think of it to the glory of his great name, that in the midst of all my discouragements without, he has afforded me peace *within* by many choice opportunities, especially in private. Yes!

he has been a good GOD to me; and I would not doubt or distrust of his leading me by a right (though a rough and thorny) "way to a city of habitation." I have often in my conversation with others been enabled, to dwell greatly on the proportion of strength the LORD is pleased to vouchsafe to his people under their trials; I have *now* found that I did not *then* follow cunningly devised fables; for what I was then enabled to speak of (as they say) almost without book, I have since had verified in my own experience. Believe me to be, in great haste,

Yours most affectionately,

M. B.

LETTER IV.*

Dec. 19, 1795.

I am persuaded, my dear ——, that you felt a pleasure in the contents of that

* Her marriage took place about a year before the date of this letter. See Diary.

letter which informed you of my safe and happy deliverance; and that you will not be less pleased in learning from my own hand of the continued kind dealings of the LORD with his truly unworthy and unprofitable servant. Oh! how can words express the pains and pleasures through which I have been brought! I can never indeed be sufficiently thankful for all that measure of health, strength, and spirits, with which I was favoured, even to the very last. Time surely can never erase from my mind the happy resignation and composure I then experienced. In this respect I was extraordinarily blessed indeed. I scarce ever knew, during the whole period, any variation from a steady, settled dependence on the mercy of the LORD; and this carried me above very many distressing and disquieting fears, with which I should otherwise have been harassed: but I was never better in health, nor so happy in mind. Then I believe I knew what it

was to live by faith on the Son of God. Then I had sweet enjoyment in meditation and prayer, the sweet savour of which is not yet gone. I could then look forward to the hour of nature's sorrow and distress with a tranquillity of mind that I can never express; nor indeed, now that it is past, can I realize, to the degree that I then experienced. How many mercies have I to be thankful for! My cup runneth over. I am sure, as it respects temporal blessings, I cannot, I do not wish to, be happier; so that I have too the great pleasure of a contented mind.

Believe me truly, &c.

M. C.

LETTER V.

On the Death of Mr. ——

December 6, 1797.

How to write, or how indeed to forbear, I know not. Never did my pen drag so heavily, as in this, of all others, the most pain-

ful service that ever devolved on me. What shall I, Oh what can I, say to you, my dear ——? What the Lord shall speak to me, that would I say; and may it be a word in season to your afflicted soul, though there is nothing that I can write, but you know as well and better than myself. Yet, as I know you love me, I am sure you will accept in love the very feeble, very affectionate efforts of my pen; while I pray that I may be enabled to drop one word of consolation to my dear distressed ——. Our God moves in a mysterious way; but may we remember, that in all these his ways, however dark, distressing, and inexplicable, he is righteous, infinitely wise, and kind, when most he seems severe. Oh! but I know you are ready to say, "I could speak as you do, were my "soul in your soul's stead." But he has made a breach, which all the world cannot make up—mine eye shall no more see good, &c. But do, I pray you, my dear ——, endea-

vour to cast your burden on the LORD; he has promised to sustain you. Remember that he is the GOD of all consolation, and able to make all grace abound to your soul's comfort. It is a great mercy, if not enabled with the apostle to glory in tribulation, to be, with the Psalmist, patient under his hand—to be dumb with silence—to be kept from murmuring or repining with our lips, because it is his stroke. It is the rod indeed, but in the kindest hand. He has said that, though "not joyous, but griev-"ous," yet sanctified afflictions "do afterward "yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to "those who are exercised thereby." If the LORD's presence be but with you, which I trust, and am indeed persuaded, is the case, supporting, strengthening, and consoling you, it will cause you to say, "It was good for "me to be afflicted." But if not now enabled so to say, endeavour to stay your dejected mind upon him. What my dear ——

knows not now, she shall know hereafter. She has abundant cause for thankfulness and strong consolations, on the most important of all accounts; but on which I feel I cannot touch.

Ere long, my dear ——, time to us shall be no longer. Then shall we see, that in comparison with the eternal weight of glory which we shall feel, our afflictions, however accumulated and almost heart-breaking, have been but light—but short—but for a moment. "For a *small moment* in a *little* "*wrath* I hid my face, but with *everlasting* "*kindness*" (Oh consider the phrase!) "will "I have mercy on thee," saith the LORD. This takes in all situations, circumstances, times, and places. Well, my dear ——, he is the same GOD yesterday, to-day, and for ever. He hath delivered you times without number. Call to mind seasons of *distress* and *deliverance*. Think not, because it seems a more difficult task to flesh and blood, that

therefore it is so with him; but rather, is any thing too hard for the LORD? Nay, he can by the word of his power, as easily reconcile the mind to the most trying and afflictive providence, as to the most trivial painful occurrence of life. The LORD grant that you may indeed find it so! If there were any thing I could say or do, wherein I could assist you, how willingly would my hands, and all indeed that I have, be employed in your service! My prayers have not been, shall not indeed be, wanting. If I could hear from any quarter how it is with you, I should rejoice.

I have neither written, nor done any thing indeed, as I wished and hoped I should have been enabled to do: but excuse me; I have felt much in what I have already written. Accept out kindest love to you all; and believe, that with every feeling of sympathy, and many prayers for you,

I remain yours, &c.

M. C.

LETTER VI.

March 27th, 1798.

—— No, not one minute shall elapse, but (though indeed with a trembling hand and an aching heart) I will address my dear ——. Your letter silences and confounds all that I could say by way of apology for not writing before, when I consider the task which I am sure writing must have been to you. Surely you will hardly credit me, that this, and this only has been my hindrance: it was not that I have not loved you, or sympathised with you, the LORD is my witness; but I have always felt so disheartened and discouraged, that in every attempt I have been hitherto unsuccessful. But there must be a beginning; and I will endeavour to forego my natural feelings and inclination, and at all events drop you a few lines; and if the LORD condescend to guide my pen by his

Spirit, may they be made a blessing to you! And should I be one of the last to shew you this outward mark of respect (for I am sure that my first letter was so incoherent, as not to deserve the name of one) be assured, my dear ——, there is no one who has felt more inward sorrow and pain of heart on your account than myself. I have walked with you in the dismal path, and have endeavoured to make your feelings my own; but this is impossible. I have, however, mingled secret sighs and tears with yours; and your afflicted case has always been brought with our own before our Father's throne of grace. So, indeed, have I felt for you by night and day, as I never did in all my life for any other. After these frank acknowledgements, I hope my dear —— will not once think herself slighted by my silence. I bless the Lord with you for his gracious kind support, vouchsafed in the day of your trouble. Has he not proved to you, that with him all

things are possible? There is nothing too hard for an omnipotent arm.—We must not limit the Holy One of Israel. Have we not seen by the eye of faith, crediting the word of GOD, the three children walking through the fiery furnace unburnt, unhurt? Oh, what a mystery! And have we not in the course of our observation seen some of the LORD's most precious ones cast into a furnace of affliction? And have they been burnt? No! the flames have not been permitted to kindle upon them. How have they come out? Purified and refined. They have suffered loss and pain, but it has only been the dross; for never surely have they shone so bright in the sight of GOD and man, as in some of those darkest moments. And this is the blessed experience of her whom I am now addressing. Oh! thank the LORD for almost working a miracle, in that he has in any degree reconciled your mind to his late wonderful visitation of af-

fliction; and this, which at one time seemed as insurmountable to you as it now does to me, will, I trust, be a mean of strengthening your faith against all the insinuations of carnal reason, and lead you *to trust* unreservedly in the LORD for all the future. May we be so instructed by this dispensation, that when anticipating evil, we may not be suffered to say, 'Well, I could never bear such and such a trial—I should sink under it—my eyes, my heart could never endure it.' This is carnal reasoning indeed. But I have felt it, and make no doubt but you know what I mean more than by hearsay.

I am truly concerned to hear of your indisposition. Ere this reach you, I hope, by the mercy of the LORD, it will be removed; and that he will yet, if it be his heavenly will, grant you a healthful body and a prosperous soul, to the comfort of yourself and the great advantage of your beloved offspring.

I cannot sufficiently thank you for your kindness in writing to me, though I am grieved that by so doing I should have been the means of adding one pain to the afflicted.—Forgive me the same. Believe the truth of what I have written, and what I say, when I subscribe myself

Your affectionate,

And for your sake afflicted,

M. C.

LETTER VIII.

July 13, 1798.

I do indeed thank you, my dear ——, for your unexpected, kind remembrance of me. I never had any claim upon you in this respect; but surely less now than ever. Oh, how sincerely does my spirit rejoice with yours, when I read the wonderful dealings of God with you! It affects me deeply; but it fills me with such inward consolation as I

cannot express. It establishes my faith in the promises of God, and is to me a fresh display of his omnipotence.

I know you so well, and have been such an eye-witness to the strength of your natural love and affection, that I am constrained again to cry out, "What hath God wrought! "who ever trusted in him and was confound-"ed?" Oh, may we never more limit the Holy One of Israel, but always entertain the most exalted ideas of his goodness, believing that nothing is too hard for him. May we be "strong in faith, giving glory to God, "and stagger not at the promise of God "through unbelief." To those in the afflicted state of my dear —— the most suitable promises are made: and he hath indeed fulfilled with his hand the declaration of his word; for in a wonderful manner, within our own observation, hath he supported those who have been bereaved like you—bereaved indeed!

I had a painful pleasure this week, reading in the magazine the memoirs of him I dearly esteemed. He is indeed precious in my remembrance—No one that I have ever lost so much so. But of this enough. Oh, forgive the intrusion—I would not give you a moment's pain. The LORD knows my heart; I have a sympathetick feeling with you that I never experienced before to an equal degree.

It appears to me not less than the working of a miracle, in that you are so wonderfully supported. Surely, my dear —— can never despond in the prospect of any future trial. He that hath already done more than you could have believed, is able also to effect that which may now seem more than possible: One to whom he has shown such great things cannot surely expect too much from him. - - - - - - - - - - - -

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With kindest love to all your dear family,

I remain truly yours, &c.

M. C.

LETTER IX.

Margate, Dec. 1, 1798.

The return of this season of the year, my dear ——, would, if it needed any thing to bring it to my recollection, remind me afresh of your afflicted and bereaved situation. I am ashamed that I have not written to you before; but having deferred it so long, I thought I would now stay till it was probable you might receive it at a time when, with the blessing of the LORD, it might tend for a moment to dissipate a gloomy thought. I shall think of and pray for you, on the anniversary of that day, when you were called to part from flesh of your flesh and bone of your bone. I trust I shall have a heart given me, while I mourn with those who mourn, also to rejoice with you on many accounts. When I shall read

over your epistles of love, shall I not say, "Blessed be the LORD who alone doeth "wondrous things?" I trust you will be enabled to call to mind his great and marvellous dealings of love and kindness, manifested to you in a particular time of need. And is he not the same GOD? In supporting and upholding you hitherto, he has given the best pledge of his kindest thoughts toward you for all future emergencies. By this time my dear —— is, I hope, as comfortably situated as a state in this wilderness will admit of: shortly, I suppose, you will be favoured with the company of your dear children from school. May the LORD crown all your meetings with them, and your prayers and endeavours for their welfare, spiritual and temporal, with his blessing! That is a sweet consolatory thought you dropped in your last "They are all the sons "of a King's Son." Why should you fear?

Oh, may this thought ever be at hand to fortify your mind against all the perplexities you must meet with in training up so many young people, with natures propense to that which is evil; though the LORD seems mightily to restrain them by his power, and will, I hope and trust, incline their feet to walk in that path so admirably marked out in the life and conversation of one, whose memory I am sure is dear to their recollection, and which will best evince their real love and affection for you their dear and honoured parent. It rejoices my heart to hear so favourable an account of their filial duty and respect for you; and it will, I trust, always give me a real pleasure when I can hear of any thing that is likely to conduce to your comfort and satisfaction. Many thanks are due to my dear —— for all her kind letters. Through mercy, this leaves us well. I was much afflicted during the indisposition of my youngest boy, who through mercy is now

very well indeed. Accept our kindest love, and believe me,

Your truly affectionate

M. C.

LETTER X.

Margate, April 4, 1799.

Though I have not had the pleasure of hearing by letter from my dear —— since my last of the 5th Dec. yet I have often been gratified by tidings of her welfare from one quarter or another; and I desire to be thankful on her account for all the good our God and Father is so liberally vouchsafing her in times of need and affliction. Oh, that it may be an encouragement to all who know him, to put their trust under the shadow of his almighty wings, to trust, and not be afraid what flesh can do unto them! My dear ——'s bereaved situation has called for extraordinary support, wisdom, consolation, and

all that a GOD of love has had to bestow. It rejoices my heart to find that he has dealt so amply with you in all these respects; and I earnestly hope that your faith and confidence may gain strength by frequently reviewing what he has done, and knowing him by very experience to be "the same yesterday, "to-day, and for ever."

I am more than merely pleased also to hear so favourable an account of your dear children. The LORD grant that as they grow in years, they may be more and more assimilated to the likeness of him, their dear and honoured head, who has left us all a bright example of what was amiable and excellent. "The memory of the just is blessed." How dear is it to my recollection! How oft are my sleeping and waking thoughts with you! I was weeping much for you in my slumbers but the very last night; and this is not the only time by a great many.

As I know you love me, I am persuaded

you will feel pleasure, when I inform you again how much I have to praise the Lord for on my own account. You have heard of my safe delivery, which I esteem more now than ever an unspeakable mercy. My life seemed doubly precious to me on account of my other dear babes and this additional tie. - - - - - - - - - -

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I remain your affectionate

M. C.

LETTER XI.

My dear ——, my words have flowed freely hitherto; but now I know not where to begin, or what to say to you, or whether I shall be able to say any thing, when I reflect on what has passed since I received your last kind and affectionate letter. What shall I then say? Shall I not justify the Lord in all his ways? Yes, I would, and I trust I

do. What he has done is in love, and I have found him an all-sufficient GOD, more emphatically lately than ever.

I will not make your heart ach with a repetition of my sorrows in the death of my sweet babe, or what I endured in the extreme illness of my dear first-born, which immediately succeeded the decease of his brother, and seemed to be exactly of the same nature. You will give but too good a guess at my feelings, without my endeavouring to paint them; but I will attempt to turn your thoughts with my own to the brighter side of the subject. The LORD has done wonders for us both. I admire the fresh display I have had of his goodness: he has supported me beyond any thing I could have imagined. My will was so immediately brought to acquiesce with the LORD's dispensation, that I am surprised and astonished when I reflect upon it.

My dear —— I hope continues to enjoy

the presence of her God, carrying her through the many intricate perplexities with which, I am concerned to hear, she is exercised. I would not, much as I love to hear from you, put you to the pain of writing; but if my dear —— will drop me a line saying when I may expect them, I shall be obliged. With kindest love to them and yourself, believe me truly

Your affectionate

M. C.

LETTER XII.

Margate, Dec. 4, 1799.

Though it is some time since I last wrote, I hope, my dear ——, you have never thought me unmindful of you; one great reason has been, that I would not lay any tax upon you with respect to the answering of my letters: and when I reflect on the pain that writing occasions you, I do beg you will

never flatter me so much as to think yourself in my debt, by the receipt of such an unmeaning scrawl as I am well aware mine too often proves. But this I know—what I say is in sincerity; it is the dictate of my heart, and never more so, than when I am expressing the real interest I feel in the welfare of you and yours.

Do me the credit to believe, that I recollect with sympathetick sorrow, that the day on which you are to receive this is the second anniversary of the death of that truly dear and justly esteemed friend, whom the LORD had, in his kind providence, seen fit to unite to you by the tenderest and closest ties of affection. In calling to mind that event, may you be enabled to raise your Ebenezer, and commemorate the mercy and kindness of that GOD, who has been known as peculiarly near at hand to support you under the heaviest stroke his rod has ever inflicted on you. He has done much. Oh, praise him

for the past! He will do more, and give you cause to bless him for all that is to come. What a blessed life is the life of faith! Oh, what a mercy to have an interest in covenant-love and favour, to know and believe that all we meet with here is the result of infinite wisdom and kindness! To how many adverse dispensations will this reconcile us! What can afford that sweet calm and composure of soul, which some have experienced under bereaving dispensations, but such a persuasion as this? How pleasant and profitable the recollection of such seasons, when our spirits have seemed broken at the foot of the cross, when we have been ready to say, 'Only let this be the blessed instrument of the crucifixion of my rebellious lusts and corruptions, and hence let me not remove (supported by thine hand) till such a valuable end is accomplished.' Perhaps at such times we have, more emphatically than ever, viewed the sufferings of our Blessed Sa-

VIOUR, and have by the sacred influence of his spirit been transformed into his likeness. Here we have had the advantages of divine admonitions, and have learned patience and humility to better effect, than by any other lessons in the world. We do well at all times to consider, that by every act of discipline our heavenly Father is studying our *eventual* profit, not any *present* comfort. This we are daily looking to, and hence arises the necessity, if I may so speak, of the LORD'S interference. May we be teachable as little children!

I hope this will find you better in health and spirits than could be expected, considering what such a day must unavoidably bring to your remembrance.

Miss ——, you know, is still with us; and from appearances is likely to be for some time. Miss —— is very poorly again. It is a season of affliction, and Oh that it may be a seed-time of good to her soul! She has

a waiting time indeed, and must see in a peculiar manner her daily dependence on the LORD.

When you see the family remember me to them, and ever believe me to be

Your affectionate

M. C.

LETTER XIII.

Margate, Dec. 4, 1800.

The 5th of December has never, my dear and much esteemed ——, since that memorable one of 1797, passed without my most particular regard, as it is in a measure sacred to the remembrance of you and yours; though I stand condemned in my own mind, being afraid I have never written to you since this time last year. My dear ——, if this has been the case, which I still hope has not, do forgive me. I love you indeed as much as ever, and perhaps more so since I

have experienced such feelings of tender sympathy for your bereaved situation. Oh, how has my heart leaped for joy, when I have heard that you have been enabled, in so christian a manner, to hold up your head after such a loss!—A loss which none but GOD almighty could make up. Blessed be his dear name, that in such a happy measure your mind has been reconciled, and that you have been so evidently enabled to take up the resting place of your affections in the unchanging love of GOD. Here no circumstance can break the union, because it is indissoluble. All our other connections, however endearing they may be, are not only liable to be interrupted, but it is certain that sooner or later they must be dissolved. A reflection like this often makes me rejoice with trembling, and many lessons have I received to this effect in the illness of my much (perhaps too much) beloved husband and children. At one time, I well re-

member, your mountain of domestick felicity, my dear ——, stood as strong, and promised to be as long, as most; but when one considers the mournful breach that has been made, Oh how it should lessen our overrating our earthly comforts!

How often have I longed to see your face again, my dear ——! but the pleasure I have sometimes promised myself by such an interview, has always been mingled with such sensations of pain, as I believe would more than counterbalance it, if I were even to be so favoured. Yes, I feel a great love to the memory of one who was deservedly dear to me; and when I think of his death, I do assure you I feel a conflict in my own breast, not very readily submitting to the dispensations of God in that event. But the Lord is righteous in all his ways. This brings to my recollection the following lines to the purpose:

" With peaceful mind thy path of duty run,
" God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
" But what thou would'st thyself, if thou couldst see
" Through all events of things, as well as he."

Pray let my most affectionate love be made to all your dear children. How sincerely do I wish that the prayers of their beloved father for them may be answered to their full extent! How well do I remember his words on this subject!

' Let them be a seed to serve thee!'—May they rise up to call thee blessed when our heads are laid low in the dust." And then he used to appeal to the Lord, if that was not what he wished for them above every thing else.—' Oh Lord I beseech thee fulfil the fervent prayer of thy righteous servant now with thee, in the conversion of those dear pledges left in thine hand in this wilderness, Amen and Amen.'—I know it will give you pleasure, to hear that my dear husband and children are well: the latter

have been inoculated. William has got quite through, and the other two appear to be doing well.—I do not once ask for a letter from you, but could you depute one of your daughters to write, you know not the pleasure it would afford me to hear from you.

At all times, my dear ——, but particularly at this anniversary of your sorrow, believe me as bearing you on my mind in the most tender sympathy, and that as ever,

I am your truly affectionate.

M. C.

LETTER XIV.

Margate, May 11, 1801.

My dear ——,

I am glad my dear ——'s journey was crowned with a pleasant interview between her and her beloved children, and that she was well in health and found them so likewise. Oh the mercies of which we are the

daily recipients, because common the less observed! But I would not be so uncharitable as to think all are ungrateful because I am. Many indeed seem to be so blessed, as to have that happy talent of improving their mercies, and profiting by their crosses.—These blessings are the gifts of God. May we be earnest in seeking them at his hand, in casting all our care upon him, committing our way unto him; knowing that he will assuredly bring all that to pass, which shall be for his glory to give, and for our good to receive. More than this we would not, we dare not, wish. Clouds and darkness oft-times seem to be round about him; but let us always remember, that "righteousness and "judgment are the habitation of his throne." I am persuaded the nearer we live to God, the more we are influenced and actuated by principles of love to, and dependence on, him: the more silently submissive shall we be, and the less liable to be tossed to and fro

by the various and unaccountable trials, with which we are often assaulted, at one time from within, and at another from without. But not one perplexity and vexation do we meet with, that does not result from the appointment and determinate counsel of our God. In his own time these things are brought to pass, and they never lie heavier than he enables us to bear; nor are they continued one moment longer than is absolutely necessary to teach us the lesson he designs by such discipline. Oh that we were wise to understand and profit by these things, which we are from time to time called upon to suffer!

Your affectionate, &c.

M. C.

LETTER XV.

June 9, 1801.

To one so well taught as my dear ——, it is needless to observe that all our disap-

pointments come from the hand of the LORD. We cannot however, always realize this as we would wish to do; but I will hope that it may be your happiness on this occasion to say—" Not my will, but thine be " done." All this will prepare the mind of my dear —— for what I have further to write, which is that the house you wished for is let; if you fix upon any other, be assured I will readily attend to all your wishes respecting it. Our's I can but repeat, is at the service of as many of your family as we can accommodate.

Let me hear from you, and with kind love to all yours, ever believe me,

Your affectionate, &c.

M. C.

LETTER XVI.

Margate, June 18, 1801.

I should be tempted much to say how sorry I am for the train of disappointments

which have occurred respecting the lodgings; but that this seems to have proceeded from the LORD so evidently, that it is our duty to say, "Thy wise will be done."

If my dear —— I can do any thing when the people leave —— let me know. How much I am obliged by your truly kind invitation to your always hospitable roof! and were it not for the strong ties of a beloved husband and dear children, I believe I should get the better of all other difficulties, and once more visit where I have spent many much to be remembered happy days.—Should an opportunity occur that Mr. C—— could accompany me, I would very gladly come indeed. I should have written to you before, but my dear William has been very poorly; but through mercy he (as also myself) is pretty well again. How many Ebenezers have we to raise! And how often may I say, I was brought low, and he helped me! We had a most sweet sermon from Mr.

L—— on Sunday. I hope it did me good. It was upon the abundant grace of our dear LORD JESUS. - - - - - - - - - -

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Your affectionate, &c.

M. C.

LETTER XVII.

Margate, July 9, 1801.

Once more I have the pleasure to address my dear —— from this place; and allow me to do it by thanking her unfeignedly for the recent marks of love and kindness I have received at her hands; the remembrance of which, is very pleasant to unworthy me. Why it is that I should be so kindly and affectionately dealt with by my friends, I know not. I am often surprised at this, but oftener far, when I reflect why it is, that the LORD inclines their hearts to act so, and why I am in any respect the recipient of so

many, altogether undeserved favours! He does it not for our duties or deserts, but because he is a Sovereign, and manifests his mercy in doing good to the unthankful and to the unworthy.

I hope my dear ——, you have not felt particularly inconvenienced, or fatigued by the trouble and disorder to which I put you and your family; especially the night before I left you. Do let me hear from you—and that you forgive me all. We left town on Saturday morning, and reached home the same evening, though late. I had the great satisfaction of finding my dear mother and children quite well. I thought then I was crowned with loving kindness and tender mercy. What different sensations should I have experienced had any accident befallen either of my little ones! Afflictions we know, come often and come suddenly; and though we believe they are all mercy, yet at the same time, we know they are calcu-

lated to produce suffering in the flesh. Often has my foolish heart wished, that I could learn the same salutary lessons by the *blessing*, as by the *cross*, but this is not the LORD's way. Infinite wisdom reads the carnal rebellious heart of man, and devises the best means to produce the best ends; and by a little observation and experience, I think, we ourselves also, can ascertain why we are thus afflicted: at least I now speak the sentiments of my own heart, and can truly say, that since the LORD has taught me the knowledge of *myself* (or at least a little of that great word,) I have never had an affliction, either in my own person or in the persons of those I love as my own flesh, but when I have seriously asked myself, Wherefore doth the Almighty contend with me? I have found an answer immediately at hand, and have conscientiously accused this or the other sin, as being the cause of the LORD's displeasure: and I really think that when we

are thus convinced of the sin for which we bleed, there is only that thought, that sin was the accursed thing which put the dear Son of God to death, that will have a more powerful tendency to shew us the heinous nature of that dreadful evil. Thus far however, my own experience says, Amen; but I do not know that you will understand what I mean.

Believe me yours sincerely.

M. C.

LETTER XVIII.

Margate, Sept. 15, 1801.

I have, through mercy, been much better this week than the last; and seemed to have recruited my thoughts for the purpose I trust of getting things a little in readiness against that hour to which I look forward with earnest solicitude. Ah! if all should be well, then how shall I afresh love the Lord for

having heard my voice and my supplication. There is no absolute promise that I can find to build my faith upon, that I shall have every thing in reference to the time of my sorrow, as my nature wishes and desires, (perhaps too much,) but the word of God is positive in one respect. "Say ye to the "righteous, it shall be well with him." Here is firm ground for trust and confidence. But then I may nevertheless suffer much, and suffer long, and yet it *must* be well, because God will be glorified, and my soul profited by such severe exercises; so that, upon the whole, I have always in such a situation as I am now in, found most solid consolations, when I have been enabled to leave the measure and event of suffering with him who cannot err; and rather to be importunate with him that my patience may be proportioned to my afflictions, than to ask of him to limit them. It is always the very best when it is thus with my soul; would

to God it were uniformly so! His presence, and patience!—What can I want more? I have reason to be thankful that upon the whole I am much favoured in this respect. Continue to bear me on your mind: the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much; and who can tell how much I have been indebted to kind friends for their affectionate remembrance of me at such trying periods? I am sure I cannot estimate how much. With kindest love to all yours, ever believe me my dear ——,

Your obliged and truly affectionate.

M. C.

LETTER XIX.

Margate, Sept. 16, 1801.

Your kind present and kinder letter, I only received this afternoon! Suppose it must have been delayed, as the letter was dated the 3d of the month. I mention this that

my dear ——, may not think me ungrateful in not acknowledging its receipt before. Your pretty present, is simple, neat and acceptable; and when I reflect for a moment that it was your own doing, and must have been the work of considerable time, believe me it greatly enhances its value. Accept my best thanks for this additional mark of your long proved love and affection, to one who feels herself unworthy of the very least proof of your friendship.

The perusal of your letter did me good: it was very appropriate to my feelings. Ah! if I could but follow that excellent word of advice—'Do not look at the pangs, but at the promised support.' God almighty grant I may! At all events I say sometimes, let me but have his presence and patience, and then let him call me forth to what he will. This is I think upon the whole, the grand object of my wishes, that I may patiently "endure as seeing him who is invisi-

ble." I know that the foe, with whom I must shortly combat, is mighty, but my GOD is Almighty. I need not ask your prayers, I am sure I shall have them.

Through mercy my husband and dear children are well. Accept their love, and make mine to all, my dear ——. Always believing me, my much esteemed and beloved,—

Your obliged and affectionate, &c. &c.

M. C.

LETTER XX.

Margate, October 16, 1801.

Do not my dear ——, think me the most ungrateful being that ever existed; I acknowledge I ought to have written to you before this, but suppose you already know the particular engagements I have been under the last week, in reference to the ordination. These I hope will be a sufficient apology. If you have not yet been made acquainted with the subject, you will have a circum-

stantial account of that interesting event from my ———, who were present on the occasion, I shall not enter into these particulars; but content myself with giving you my opinion as an individual, and I might say my experience. To me the day was all solemn and important, not gloomy, but animating and delightful: my soul was, I trust, feasted with the presence of the LORD; this made it a good day. Many besides myself found it so. The services were admirably calculated for the occasion, all truly excellent, affectionate, and uniting. Oh that we may never forget what some of us experienced at that season! The sabbath after, was also pleasant, and so we found it on Tuesday last, when dear Mrs. ——, with Miss ——, were baptized before a large but very attentive congregation, and addressed by Dr. R—— from these words of Mrs. ——'s choice, "If ye love me, keep my "commandments." I have abundant reason

to be thankful that I have been comfortably carried through the extra services of the last week. I have experienced strength just equal to my day, and I feel myself quite as well as I have any right to expect, in present circumstances; and permit me to offer you my congratulations on the favourable appearances of Peace.—Peace! Oh, what a blessing.

Your most affectionate,

M. C.

LETTER XXI.

Margate, December 4, 1801.

Does my memory serve me right when it tells me, that my dear —— will have been bereaved four years on the day she receives this? I think it does; and knowing that your wound was so deep that it must still bleed, may I be permitted to aim at consolation? You know how tenderly I loved him for whom you weep, and that his memory will ever be dear in my estimation: and I am

persuaded you will not think me insincere when I say, that I also feel the tenderest affection for you and all yours, and therefore could but, can but, sympathize with you on a loss which none but GOD could make up. And Oh what great things has he done for you my dear ——! When I have written to you on former anniversaries of this mournful event, I have only guessed at your supports; but now I have been an eye-witness to the aboundings of your consolation. Has he not proved himself, by a thousand instances, to be a GOD of love to you, and "that like as a father pitieth his children, "so the LORD pitieth them that fear him?" And how ought this to animate my dear —— to future exercises of trust and confidence! because,

'Each sweet Ebenezer she has in review,
'Confirms his good pleasure to help her quite through.'

Yes, even to bring her weary feet to rest

with him she loved on earth, and to be with Jesus. This seems to be the consummation of bliss, to see His face, to have done with sin; and then farewell sorrow for ever and ever! Oh, how this body of sin and death, discovering itself in a thousand new and unthought of ways, bears down the spirits, and brings a dark and separating cloud between God and the soul! Your dear husband has done with all this, and is singing victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb. Ere long I trust we shall also join the song. Believe me,

Your affectionate and obliged,

M. C.

LETTER XXII.

TO MR. ———

April 21, 1796.

Dear ——,

I have been truly glad to hear by one

and another that, through the mercy of our GOD, my dear —— has been in a fair way of being restored to health and strength. I trust you will believe me when I say, I felt much for her, and for you all indeed, during her illness; and can therefore heartily rejoice with you on her recovery. Oh! how much reason have we all to be thankful for the innumerable instances of mercy and kindness with which we are continually surrounded! And again, how much cause for lamentation, when we reflect on our ungrateful abuse of them! The LORD continues to be very kind to me in every respect. Through his mercy, my dear partner and sweet babe continue quite well. The latter grows very much indeed, and affords me daily pleasure and gratification in doing all that I can for him. But some important things there are which *I* cannot do for him; these may I learn to leave to the LORD who is *good* as well as *just*, and will I trust (which is my daily

prayer) remember him in the best sense. He is righteous in all his ways, as well as holy in all his works. - - - - - - - -

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Believe me truly your affectionate

M. C.

TO MR. ———

St. Peter's, ————.

I intreat you my dear —— to pardon my long silence, as I assure you, neglect of the subjects contained in your last favours has not prevented my addressing you; but a sense of the very great import of the contents, particularly that of the latter, wherein you acquaint me with your intention of changing your state in the course of this week. Permit me, though younger than yourself, to intreat you to beware of placing too great an attachment on those things which seem naturally to attract your atten-

tion at this juncture. The world and all its affairs, prosperous and adverse, are trifles when compared with that eternity, to which, as the subjects of mortality, we are hastening. It should then, be our great concern so to live, as we shall wish we had when we come to die; and bear with me, when I remind you, that as you are on the verge of entering on a new relation, new duties are attendant on such a situation. A master of a family is more or less accountable for the conduct of his wife, his servants, and his children. Let me intreat you then, to form this holy resolution, of an honoured servant of God, that as for you and your house, you will serve the Lord. I cannot think this only meant as a bare acknowledgement of a supreme Being; but I am persuaded there is implied in it an observance of family-worship, especially prayer, whereby we evidently testify to others our dependence on God for every mercy we receive, and implore his assistance for further protection.

Reading the word of God in a family has been productive of essential good; and if you will take my advice, I am sure you will never have reason to repent, either of praying with your family or reading to them. I do not give it only as my opinion on the subject; but as a doctrine received from the New Testament, wherein men are exhorted to make supplication, and to search the scriptures.—I am fearful you will think this epistle altogether unsuitable to your present circumstances; but a sense of the propriety of such an address impressed my mind, as I earnestly wish you to begin at the very first, as you mean to go on; which I sincerely hope may be, by a steady acknowledgement of God in the duties above-mentioned.

Many others might be named, but the word of God, if attended to, is perfectly adapted for your further instruction.

Your affectionate, &c.

M. B.

TO MR. ——

March 12, 1793.

May this find my dear —— and ——, in a manner happily resigned to the divine will in the late solemn, and, I make no doubt, trying, affliction with which you have been exercised.—May you be taught by it, to see the vanity of all earthly enjoyments, in as much as we are totally incapable of retaining any one of them a moment longer than the LORD's time. In his dealings in providence, as well as in grace, he shews himself to be a Sovereign.—A short time has evidenced in our own family, that length of years and fewness of months, are the same to him. The hoary head and infant babe have alike shared the sentence justly due to fallen man. "The wages of sin is death." Certainly temporal, and, if grace prevent not, eternal, death to both body and soul. This is awful indeed!—be thankful you have not to reflect on this painful subject with

respect to your dear child. He is gone from you, whence he shall no more return; but sorrow not, I pray you, as those without hope: but rather rejoice that he is taken from the evil to come. Perhaps too, as was the case with one of old, Your "life was "bound up in the life of the child." The LORD has therefore seen fit, in infinite wisdom, to take away this idol, the desire and delight of your eyes, with an unexpected and an unprepared for stroke. Hear then this voice of Providence, this rod of affliction, and him who hath appointed it.

The earnest wish of her who, now addresses you, is that this affliction may be sanctified: be assured that same death which has cut off the child, will in a little time at longest, snatch the parents also into an eternal unknown world. Oh, that you may, indeed and in truth, be prepared for that certain and solemn event! Hear then the language of pure affection to your precious and

immortal souls, when I inform you from the word of God; (3d chap. of St. John) that except we are born again of his Spirit, we cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. Understand by this a change from nature to grace; for it is declared, "that we are dead "in trespasses and sins," and also, "that "without holiness no man shall (acceptably) "see the LORD." How unreasonable, how unscriptural then, is it to suppose, that any one dying in this state, loving sin and this present evil world, shall enter into the presence of that Being who is infinitely holy, and of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, but with the greatest detestation and abhorrence!

May you by this late warning, be enabled to flee from the wrath to come, to lay hold on JESUS CHRIST, that only way of access to, and acceptance with, a righteous GOD: for "there is no other name given under "heaven but this, whereby the sinful race

" of Adam can be saved." In vain then are all our expectations of mercy from any other quarter. I request you to read with attention what I have imperfectly written, and may the LORD the Holy Spirit give his blessing to it, and enable you while reflecting on this affliction to say,—" The LORD gave, " the LORD hath taken away, and blessed be " the name of the LORD ;" those words were spoken by Job, that eminent servant of GOD, when under a far more calamitous trial than the one with which you are exercised. I would conclude the whole, by offering my very sincere wishes, that every consolation may be afforded, which your present situation calls for ; and indeed that an abundance of blessings may be granted you through time and to all eternity. I cannot wish you more than this, which may the LORD in mercy bestow on you both, for his dear SON's sake, Amen and Amen.

Affectionately Yours,

M. B.

St. Peter's, October 3, 1793.

As I told you, my dear ——, when we met, so I may now repeat, that you cannot conceive what I have suffered on your account. I was under the most fearful apprehensions that the Lord had seen fit to take you hence, and remove you to an unknown, and, I am afraid, unthought of, eternity.

With such fears as these, I was wretched beyond description. Pained under an idea that I had lost an affectionate ———, but doubly so when I reflected that that ——— had a soul of infinite importance, and as to the safety of which, I confess frankly to you, I was left in considerable doubt. Forgive my freedom in speaking thus plainly; I must not, through fear of offence, keep any thing of this sort back from you, as I am only performing the vows that I made to the Lord in the days when I was in trouble respecting you. Never sure, did I see the worth of an

immortal soul to that degree as at those times; and I thought to myself, if ever I was brought to heaven, and there could be cause of regret there; it would be on this account, that I had not faithfully declared to my dear —— here below, the danger of trifling with eternity, and the great importance of the salvation of the soul.—Oh that I could deeply impress these truths on your mind!—A little while longer, my ———, and you shall be yet convinced, that there is a reality in religion: for though the LORD has spared you, it is but for a season; "it is appointed "unto all men once to die," and after death comes that awful judgment, day, when the LORD JESUS CHRIST, as King of kings and Lord of lords, shall pronounce the decisive sentence—"Come ye, blessed" or, "Depart ye, cursed:" and what shall I say to you on this particular?—The word of GOD declares that without holiness no man shall see the LORD, that is, acceptably. Now, I would appeal to

your conscience, do you as in the sight of a heart-searching God, believe that you possess that holiness which will give you a fitness for the enjoyment of heaven? We are born in sin; and unless we are born again, that is, changed from this state of nature to a state of grace, we cannot see the kingdom of God; for the wicked of all descriptions, whether liars, swearers, or those who take his blessed name in vain, shall be turned into hell. Now, do be persuaded, my dear ——, to attend to these things; and let me ask you, do you know any thing of such a change having taken place in your heart? I think I can answer that you have not; and a painful persuasion of this, with a sense of your lost and undone state, made me miserable in those unhappy moments, when I imagined that your precious and never-dying soul was in an unalterably wretched condition: for I had never perceived that in your life which would give me hope in your death;

and whilst I was thus meditating on these gloomy subjects respecting you, I resolved in my own mind, that if the LORD should be better to me than my fears, I would, to the best of my ability, shew you to what a deplorable state sin has brought you. For believe me, you can never be saved from eternal wrath and misery, but by the blood of CHRIST. It is not, I am convinced, all that I can say or write, that will make you apply to him for pardon and forgiveness of your many and aggravated sins—if it would, how would I labour and wrestle with you, till I obtained such a desirable end! Oh, what pleasure would it give me, to see you walking in wisdom's ways, and what an eternal source of satisfaction would it be to yourself!

The LORD give you the will and power to make the trial! I am sure you will never repent it,—living, dying, nor throughout the countless ages of eternity.—What a different person would you then be! Do you

not, my dear ——, often indulge yourself in a variety of foolish gratifications, which you would tremble to be found in the commission of, if you were about to die? Or are you ever found in the exercise of those duties, which would give comfort in dying moments? I fear not.—Oh, be persuaded to lay aside your follies and vanities, and often put to yourself this serious question, Am I *now* living as I shall wish I had when I come to die? and let your conscience do its office.—Accept these lines as a mark of great love. The most tender affection to your soul has dictated them. I shall conclude the whole, with intreating the LORD to make them useful to you at this or some future period; I leave it to his blessing, being in very deed and truth,

Your affectionate,

M. B

TO MISS ——

The voice of death has lately been heard in the habitation of her who addresses you: she can therefore with the most tender feelings, sympathize with you under the affliction which it has pleased Infinite Wisdom to lay upon you. Let me beg and intreat of you, my young friend, to cultivate honourable thoughts of GOD: repine not at the hand that smites you—many have learnt their best lessons in the house of mourning; and have had reason to bless GOD to eternity, for the stroke that seemed at the time to wither all their fair prospects, and under which they have been ready to say;—since this dear object's gone, mine eyes shall no more see good.

That such sentiments as these will possess your breast is not to be wondered at, and that they will be a source of many fruitless and unavailing tears I am well aware of; but I

wish to remind you, that though that dear object has been taken from you, and on account of which my bowels yearn over you with pity and concern, yet there still remains a never failing Source of consolation.—That God, without whose commission death never comes, is able abundantly to make up this loss to you. Let me recommend you to make all your griefs known to him.—For your encouragement, I can tell you that under the late bereavement, with which I have been visited, I felt more composure of soul, when enabled to pour out my soul before him in prayer, than at any other time. Go then, my afflicted friend, and do likewise; this will be making the best use of this truly melancholy event, though the delight of your eyes, and perhaps the idol of your heart, is gone from whence he shall never more return. - - - - - - - - -

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TO MRS ——.

St. Peter's, April 9, 1794.

By your sister, ———, for so I must still call you, we were informed of your being married on Thursday. I shall heartily rejoice if it be the means of contributing to your happiness in this life, for which you shall have my frequent and fervent prayers.

I would still, however, have you bear it on your mind, that there is no solid happiness to be found any where but in GOD. May you, and he whom the LORD has now given you for a partner through this wilderness, be directed to "seek him while he may be "found, and to call upon him while he is "near:" be assured he is more ready to hear, than we are to ask of him. For your encouragement to look to him amidst all the changes of life, I can tel you, he is an unchangeable GOD, a very present Help in times of greatest need. Sometimes my soul

has been overwhelmed with perplexing cares and difficulties; and I have found unspeakable consolation in pouring out my heart's complaints into his ear. This has been a source of great comfort to me amidst many trials, that perhaps I could never tell to any creature. The LORD grant it may prove the like to you! and remember that whether our days here be joyous or grievous, they are at the best and the longest few and evil. Let a consideration then of the shortness of time and the uncertainty of life stir us up to our duty. I hope ———, from my very heart, that you will continue in the good old way of a strict attendance upon the house of GOD; you are sensible of your having been highly favoured in this respect, and I trust you will persevere in the same.

Your new relation, however, brings with it new duties; you have a family though but a small one, and need as much the kind providence of the LORD as if you were ever

so large. I earnestly recommend to you therefore, from the very first, to make a point of praying with each other, and reading the holy Scriptures daily; at the same time I would caution you against trusting in this or any other outward performance whatever: for it is only in and through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, that any sinner can be saved; and without an interest in his blood we have no right to expect happiness here or heaven hereafter.

I have been persuading myself while I have been writing, that you would be glad to hear from me, or I am greatly mistaken indeed. To you I stand indebted for very many and great kindnesses; my prayer to the Lord is, that not one instance thereof may go unrewarded. Oh! ———, may neither you nor your's ever know the want of a friend.

That your mind was kindly inclined towards me, I esteem a singular mercy at the

hand of the LORD; and I think I can answer that my continued prayers shall not be wanting for your welfare, both spiritual and temporal. I hope you will write to us without any kind of reserve. That the LORD may bless you ——, and him to whom he has united you, with the best and choicest of his blessings, is the unfeigned wish and desire of

Your sincere friend,

M. B.

LETTER I.

TO MISS ——.

Margate, Aug. 29, 1795.

I sincerely hope this may find you and all your family well. Should it happily be so, I trust you feel a grateful heart. Health is a blessing we know not the value of until we are deprived of it, and this will hold good as it respects most, if not all, our other enjoy-

ments. May we always learn obedience by the things which we suffer, and may we too, always learn gratitude by the things which we enjoy! To have a contented mind is a continual feast.—Outward circumstances will never make us happy; therefore it is truly said, that the happiness of a man's life doth not consist in the abundance of the things that he possesseth; and if the scripture had never said it, we might fairly have drawn such an inference, from our daily observation. We see many starving in the midst of plenty, as it respects enjoyment of the mind. Prosperity is vain and delusive; godliness alone hath the promise of this life, as well as of that which is to come.

What an unspeakable mercy is it, if *you* then, (amidst the happy few) are made to choose that good, that better part, which shall never be taken from you! You can never be sufficiently thankful for such a distinguishing mercy. Consider, if this is the

case, what great things the LORD hath done for you! for it is he alone who hath made you to differ Live then up to your privileges: being a child of light, be very earnest at a throne of grace, that your light may shine before others—that you may be kept in the strait and narrow way, and be wholly preserved from being deceived by the snares of the world, the stratagems of Satan, and the sinfulness of your own heart. The last is your greatest enemy, and a very deceitful one too. This at present you may not have learnt much of, but time teacheth many things.

I will not impose it upon you as a task, to favour me with a letter; but should you find a willing mind, I can only say I shall be happy to hear from you, and with kind love to your valuable mother, your sisters, &c. I remain truly,

Your affectionate,

M. C.

LETTER II.

Margate, Dec. 9, 1797.

Your letter, my dear ——, has filled me again with the most exquisitely painful feelings I almost ever endured; my heart bleeds for them, for you all. Oh, who but a God of infinite willingness and ability can make up such a loss!—I speak the truth indeed, I loved him to my very soul: in him I found what I have now lost, a dear, a faithful friend. Such a kind part he always acted by me, especially when I was privileged to be under his hospitable roof. In him we have seen united, the most affectionate husband, the tender and prudent father, the best of masters, the faithful, the attentive friend; and what is brightest of all, a shining, a consistent christian. Reflecting on the former part of his character, makes his loss in relative life the more severe, because the places, the persons

who once knew him shall know him no more for ever; but the other is a source of continual consolation. Of him truly may it be said—"he walked with God." Now he is not, for the LORD has taken him far from this world of trial and strife:

> He's present with the Lord—
> The labours of his mortal life
> End in a large reward.

Oh, who can conceive the felicity of which he is made partaker! Not for ten thousand worlds would he relinquish his bright abode. He's gone to be for ever and for ever with the LORD.—Oh! that our dear afflicted —— may be enabled to think on these things to her soul's comfort and consolation! What sorrow is she passing through! but our GOD has promised that it shall not overwhelm her. His everlasting arms of love and support shall be underneath her, to carry her through the fire: it shall not kindle upon her to her destruction, but she shall come forth as gold

seven times refined. Thanks to the name of the LORD, for his gracious help afforded you all in this time of peculiar need and distress. Oh, what a wonder-working GOD is our GOD! How mysterious and unsearchable are his ways! He giveth none account of any of his matters. Who dares say to him, What doest thou? That such a useful, important, and valuable life on many accounts should be taken away, when so many seem to remain indeed as mere cumberers of the ground! I thought of you, my dear——, with your dear and honoured mother, as those who would be bereaved indeed by this truly melancholy event: and though no earthly friend can make up your loss, or the loss you will all sustain, consider the weeping widow! the tender babes! (Oh, how my bowels yearn over them!) Yet let me tell you what you know by sweet and happy experience. Our GOD is omnipotent to save; in temporal as well as spiritual distress, his compassionate

ear is always open to the cries of the needy, his hand is not shortened at all that it cannot save. Blessed be GOD, our dear —— knows where to carry her burden. Many there are, who are exercised with such almost heart-breaking providences, yet know not where to seek relief. What a signal instance of mercy, that she should be so wonderfully supported! I admire the goodness of the LORD displayed in such a resignation of mind as you mention, and pray that it may be continued even to the end. The LORD be with, bless, and support you through the whole of the trying scene! I know not how my eyes could endure it. Heartily indeed do I wish that it may be sanctified to the accomplishment of those ends which he had in view; so that it may be hereafter said of him, as it was of Sampson, that more were slain by his death than in his life. May many stout hearted proud Pharisees be brought low, and the more moral be led to see the beauty and the

excellency of vital godliness, which was so exemplified in the general deportment of our dear deceased. Let us also be earnest that the awful providence may be sanctified to our own souls: may it be a fresh lesson to us, of the uncertainty of all human pursuits, so that we may learn to rejoice with trembling over our dearest and nearest connexions, and set our hearts more undividedly on things above.

Now, my dear ——, what can I say more? Oh that I may be the happy instrument of saying one word to alleviate the distress of your dejected mind! Will you write to me again? I shall be very anxious to hear how it is with ——— and ———, and how our dear friends were carried through the solemnities of the funeral; and if you can find your mind collected to give me the particulars of the affliction, which terminated the life of our valuable ——, you will further oblige me, as I know next to nothing about

his illness, and did not indeed learn that he was so bad till the night before I heard of his death. Pray, my dear ——, make my kindest and most affectionate love to all the afflicted; tell them we sympathize with, and pray for, them night and day. Accept my best thanks for both your kind letters.

Yours very affectionately,

M. C.

LETTER III.

Margate, Dec. 16, 1797.

Thanks to you, my dear ——, for your kind and great attention to my letter. It was, I confess, a great satisfaction to me to hear, though so melancholy were the tidings. Ah! truly I can conceive, though perhaps but in a small degree, what you must all have felt. I can realize matters far better than if I had never been at ——, or participated in the felicity of that once united and

happy family. Our memory, though too treacherous where we most of all need its assistance, scarcely ever fails in those melancholy instances, to trace events and recal past circumstances, to the grief and disquietude of our minds. I do well remember his christian-like deportment in all relations; I can call to mind his person, his method, manner, and matter of conversation, family-prayer, &c, as though it were but yesterday I saw or heard him; and can sometimes scarcely reconcile my mind to the idea, that I shall never more see or hear the voice of one I so truly esteemed. But again, "Righ-"teous is our GOD in all his ways," (good when he takes as when he gives) and holy in all his works; let us remember this, and never open our mouths against him.

I am sorry you should repeat *apologies* about the length of your letter: I took it exceedingly kind that you devoted so large a portion of your time to my service. I must

again ask the kindness of another letter; if I shall not intrude, as I shall be anxious to hear of the welfare of our dear ——, and family, all of whom I do sincerely love; and particularly how it is with her through the Sunday, when she means to attend the sermon you mention. Her own prudence will suggest how far her attending is advisable; for my own part, I should think it would be too much for her; it will open the wound afresh, and in order to do justice to the memory of the dear deceased, many circumstances must be related; which will be almost heart-breaking for her to hear: but I would not dictate, I only fear for her, and shall, as I mentioned before, be greatly obliged by your informing me how she is, and indeed how all of you are supported through the day.—Sunday last was a solemn day indeed to us: it was remembered by us with some feeling in our waiting on the Lord in his house of prayer. Our good friend Mr.

P—— was apprized of the affliction the family were under, particularly as being the day of the interment of our dear ——, and was excellently drawn forth in prayer for all the bereaved: very affectionately indeed, did he intreat for the widow and fatherless, and I verily believe many of the congregation also greatly felt, and united in his fervent petitions; at least if one might judge by appearances. The hymn was 'God moves in a mysterious way, &c.;' and the text, 'Oh! the depths, &c.;' which he observed was brought to his mind on hearing of the death of his very dear and valuable friend Mr. ——. He has written by this opportunity to my aunt; I cannot find by your letter that our dear —— was sensible in his dying moments. I therefore take it for granted that he was not, or at least was not enabled to say any thing that he was. It was a great mercy indeed, that he died composed; if you find your mind at liberty to go on and inform me of any more

particulars, it will oblige me; and if you will say what place it is that Mr. T—— is to preach the sermon in, as I do not at all know it by the name of ——— chapel. Pray remember us most affectionately to my dear —— and ——, also to your dear and honoured mother, &c. &c. I am sure, indeed, that she must also severely feel the stroke: but I trust, the LORD will support and carry her through, in answer to the prayers of her affectionate children. My —— is again but poorly with her old disorder, and less able to bear every attack. For want of room and time I conclude.

Yours truly,

M. C.

LETTER IV.

Margate, 10th Jan. 1798.

Your kind favour, my dear ——, demanded a much speedier reply, had I not been pre-

vented by unforeseen and irremediable affliction. The LORD's hand, has indeed, for a time laid with considerable weight upon his unworthy servants. By a very singular providence, I was suddenly brought almost to the gates of death; in consequence of which, my whole frame has been so much weakened, that the first time I got out of bed I could not stand any better than an infant. So soon, my dear ——, can the LORD bring low! and, blessed be his name, the hand that wounds can as speedily heal; for I am a wonder to myself and others, that after such a shock, I should be so far recovered as to be permitted to take my seat in the family, almost as usual. I have not been out yet, but I hope to go on the approaching sabbath. It is three weeks on Saturday next, since the LORD, in his infinite wisdom, was pleased to afflict me; during that period, my dear ——, do not conceive that my own sorrows have drowned the concern I have had for others. No—

my waking and sleeping thoughts have been much at ——; with my own case, I have, in a feeble, broken, and imperfect manner, made known their's also. I feel for those I love, but cannot help. I hope our dear —— continues to experience a great measure of divine support and consolation, under the truly to be lamented bereavement. I confess myself, I have felt it unlike many circumstances which I have met with of a similar nature, which have seemed to wear off by time; but this affliction, the more I think of it, the more do I deplore the loss of so truly valuable a character. I can scarcely reconcile myself to the thought, that I shall never meet him more in the flesh. I do feel for, I do indeed sympathize with, you all: I was not favoured to have an opportunity of seeing, much less of conversing with ——, but you have been very kind in transmitting me so full an account. I can only say I feel myself much indebted to you for it, and shall

always esteem it a favour to hear from you, whenever inclination and opportunity concur. Even now I wish much to know how it is with my dear ——, but dare not ask a line from her; indeed I hardly feel spirit enough to address a line to her, though it is what I wish to do. Will you present our most affectionate love to her and her's, and to your valuable and honoured mother, as well as to the rest of your family? Pray inform our friends that my —— is much better, and believe me, my dear ——, that I really consider myself,

Your much obliged as well as affectionate,

M. C.

LETTER I.

TO MASTER C——.

Margate, April 25, 1795.

———'s return afforded us all much pleasure. We were glad to welcome him home;

but doubly so, as he gave such a pleasing account of our dear ——. Good children cannot fail of being esteemed by those who know them. What an encouragement is this, to you my love, to persevere in endeavouring, by all possible means, to gain the affection of those who will always have a pleasure in rewarding you for your good behaviour!—Your school-fellows will love you, if they observe you gentle, affable, and affectionate in your deportment. Always avoid entering into any disputes or quarrels; and above all, my dear ——, never let it be said, that you are capable of telling an untruth. If your fault have been ever so great, always acknowledge it. This is the most ready way to obtain forgiveness: but to tell a falsehood is a very great offence both to God and man. Ever consider this, that the Lord knoweth all things. He knows indeed, every thought you think, and word you speak; every breath you breathe you receive from him. He is always doing

you good; for both your food and raiment you are indebted to him; and indeed there is nothing you enjoy, but you wholly depend on him for it. You can never, therefore, my dear boy, sufficiently love so great, so good, a GOD. I trust you do not then, as you are so bountifully dealt with from his liberal hand, omit thanking him for the past, and praying for the continuance of his mercies for the future. To live, and in the enjoyment of so many blessings, without prayer morning and evening, would be very ungrateful indeed! But I hope better things of you, my dear ——, though I thus write.

I often think of you; and, could I travel with my thoughts, I should have paid you many a visit at C——. In my busy imagination, I frequently see you in your studies and in your play-ground, but in these places, were I actually present, you could hardly find time to entertain me: very soon now, my love, (if the LORD please) we

shall begin to think of seeing you here. This will give us all much pleasure.

All here unite in the most hearty love and good wishes to their dear boy, in which none is more sincere than

Your truly affectionate,

M. C.

LETTER II.

Margate, Oct. 29, 1795.

With great pleasure, my dear boy, do I now take up my pen to write you a few lines; and the more so, as I trust they may not be unpleasant to you. My study shall be that they also may not be altogether unprofitable.

You are blessed with a very active mind; and my most hearty prayer and wishes are, that it may be early employed in pursuit of the noblest object. That your time and talents should be devoted to the acquiring of as great a degree, as possible, of useful know-

ledge, in the different branches of learning to which your attention may be directed by those kind friends under whose roof you are placed, is extremely necessary and proper: and I would always wish you to be very emulous in this respect, that none may excel you in diligence, and in your endeavours to do credit to those, whose labours are often very considerable in cultivating the minds of unsteady, unthinking youth. But never let this be your whole, or greatest concern. You know, my dear boy, to what I allude. Let your mind and genius be as lively as they may, yet in these things especially, your memory will frequently need to be refreshed: and, let the importance of the subject prove always a sufficient apology for being told the same thing over and over again.

How much, my love, have you to be thankful for! You will never know the extent of your mercies. Consider what the LORD hath done for you already. He hath

mercifully vouchsafed you a considerable share of health: this is a great blessing; because without it you can never have much enjoyment in any comfort of life. Wealth is is not once to be compared with it. He hath given you a precious and immortal soul, in comparison with which, all else is a mere trifle to you; the things of this world "perish in their using," and "riches often make themselves wings, and fly away." Besides, how precarious is life! Though young, my dear boy, no one can insure, that another day or hour shall be yours. May your early cries be united with ours, that the GOD in whom you live, move, and have your being, may make you a seed to serve him from your youth up; that all your life may be devoted to his service, that so, you may die in his favour, to be for ever with him in glory. These, are the very frequent petitions of your dear papa on your behalf, who offers them with a feeling, of which, at present

you have very little conception. But, I earnestly hope you may live to receive answers to them; then, and only then, can you know the value of a praying father.

We shall be very glad to hear from you as soon as convenient: in the mean time, be assured we often think of you. - - - - -

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Now, this long epistle, like all other things, must have an end. Pray present our united, kindest respects to ——. Your dear ——, &c. &c., are all as well as usual, and none, I believe, better in health, than

Your truly affectionate mother,

M. C.

LETTER III.

Margate, April 30, 1796.

Your letter of the 25th, my dear boy, was truly welcome, as we had been in expectation of hearing from you for some days. We es-

teem it a distinguishing mercy, at the hand of our God, that you continue so well in health and spirits.

We are truly glad to hear so pleasing an account of you from all quarters; and earnestly hope that you will continue to merit the kind approbation of your friends.

Go on, my dear boy, and endeavour to acquire every wished for degree of useful and profitable instruction; and while so doing, forget not, I pray you, to be thankful to that God, who has given you a capacity for it. Remember who it is that has made you to differ, in these respects, from many. Be thankful to him then for this, and for all the very many other mercies and comforts with which you are surrounded. You have been very highly favoured indeed by Providence, as it respects temporal things. What could have been done more for you, than the Lord hath done? I mean in affording you the means of making the present life comfortable.

But ever recollect, you were born for greater ends, than the mere enjoyment of temporal things. You have a soul, the importance of which, if I were to labour to eternity, I could never give you a just and adequate idea of. May the LORD, the Holy Spirit, do this kind office for you, now while you are in early youth, and ere you are led away by the snares and temptations of a flattering, deceitful world. Many are the promises, in the word of GOD, to encourage young persons to be found in Wisdom's ways. They are said to be "ways of pleasantness, and all her paths "peace." The LORD says "I love them "that love me, and they that seek me early "shall find me." Do you then, my dear love, "remember your Creator in the days of your "youth:" "call upon him while he is near; "seek him while he may be found." Look to the instances in the Bible, of those who have done this. Samuel, Josiah, Timothy, and even our Blessed Saviour, of whom it is

recorded, that at twelve years old, he was found in the temple *hearing*, and, to the surprize of those about him, *asking* questions. Happy should we be, to answer all your little enquiries on this subject, and to take you by the hand, and lead you in the way of salvation.

But I must hasten for the present, to conclude, only saying that, through mercy, we are all well and unite in kindest respect to Mr. and Mrs. ——, and tenderest love to you.

Believe me, my dear boy, &c. &c.

M. C.

LETTER IV.

Margate, Feb. 24, 1798.

We were truly glad to receive so good an account of our dear boy, by his letter of the 6th. I fully intended replying to it last

Saturday; but it slipped my memory till it was too late to send it. We hope shortly to hear from you again, at least by a letter to your ——, as I believe she has not had a letter from you since you left her, and seems to be in expectation of one.

Mr. ——, with whom you are well acquainted, is very ill indeed, it is feared dangerously so; but of all the calamities with which I am at present acquainted, the greatest is that of Mr. ——, who has lost another son, in the same unhappy manner as he did the former. The body was found yesterday morning about 8 o'clock, close by the pier, when it was conveyed home to the distressed father, whose feelings must be exquisitely painful, beyond our conception. There are none surely, who can hear of the circumstance, but must sympathize with such a bereaved parent.

All the painful feelings we experience in our bodies, the distresses and heart-breaking

afflictions of our relations and acquaintances, are all the consequences and effects of sin; for, had there been no sin, we know there could have been no sorrow. But, since man has been born to sin, he has also been "born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward." How foolish then is it, my love, to place our hearts on any thing here! The uncertainty of all human enjoyments proves their vanity. Nothing more so; yet, from the cradle to the grave, man is in pursuit of some supposed good; but all created things, conspire with one voice to say, 'it is not to be found in 'me.' According to the word of GOD, they are "broken cisterns," which we are daily hewing out to ourselves, forsaking him, "the Fountain of living waters," the Source of all real happiness. In him we live and move, and have our being: from him we receive all our true enjoyments, and to him (if we look aright) we must look for all we hope for through time and to eternity. The

LORD, in infinite mercy grant, my dear boy, that you and I, and all who are near and dear to us, may be the partakers of that bliss which is substantial and unfading, and of which it hath not entered into the heart of man to form any adequate conception.

I bless GOD your dear —— and —— are quite well. Pray present our respects to ——, and believe me, my dear boy,

Your truly affectionate mother,

M. C.

LETTER V.

Margate, Oct. 22, 1800.

The receipt of your kind and affectionate letter, my dear boy, afforded us real pleasure, as it always does, to hear of your welfare: and I sincerely hope that this may find you as well in all respects as I wish you. Health of body and vigour of spirits, are blessings, for the which we can never be sufficiently

thankful. But I must tell you, there are blessings to be enjoyed, which as far surpass these, as the sun in its meridian height does the twinkling star. I mean the blessings connected with a religious life. Without these, however persons may talk of happiness, their inmost souls are utter strangers to it. How, I ask, how can mortal man be happy, when unreconciled in heart and life to that GOD, to whom he must one day give an account of every sinful thought, word and deed? And on whom he is dependent for eternal happiness or wretchedness? If any one hopes for happiness in such a state of alienation from GOD, it is but an index of the ignorance of his mind. My dear ——, may it be your case, to seek true comfort where it is to be found! "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, "and all her paths are peace." You are urged to this from many considerations, both of precept and example, and from the late instance of mortality, which perhaps has

come to your knowledge. I mean the death of ——'s youngest boy. We are often witnessing this, that death is no respecter of persons. The infant babe and the hoary head are alike to him. There are some of all ages in eternity; and there is no truth so certain, and which it requires less argument to prove, than this, that we are mortal dying creatures; and yet men live as though they thought they were never to die! What a melancholy thing, to be, for aught we know, on the very verge of an eternal world, and yet regardless of our situation! But seeing, my dear boy, that these are truths which none can deny, I intreat you

'Let thoughts like these possess your breast
'Where'er you rove, where'er you rest;
'Nor let your weaker passions dare
'Consent to sin, for GOD is there.'

I have the pleasure to inform you, that your dear ——, and all the family are well: and that this may be your case as well as that

of your good friends, to whom we beg you most respectfully to remember us, is the sincere wish of,

Your truly affectionate,

M. C.

LETTER VI.

Margate, March 21, 1801.

Wishing to know how you are in health, my dear boy, I take this opportunity, to ask of you a letter, when you are quite at liberty. If I recollect right, you are in my debt; but that is of no consequence; I am so often on the debtor's side, that I dare not complain.

I have the great pleasure to say, that your dear —— and —— are quite well, and so are all other friends, I believe, which we ought to esteem a mercy, when sickness and death pervade every place, if not every family. And, when we further reflect, on the importance of life, the certainty of death,

and how deeply we are individually interested in these things, Oh! how ought it to awaken serious concern and investigation! What, if I die in my sins, unacquainted with salvation by JESUS CHRIST? How awful the condition of a soul under such circumstances! It is said, that where he, (the Saviour) is, it can never come.

Never conceive, my dear boy, that I am an enemy to your happiness, because I plainly tell you the truth. Far from it—Believe me, if you find not real happiness in the ways of GOD, you may search creation through, but you will never find it elsewhere. Nor vainly think that you are as yet, too young to engage on the side of religion. Are you too young to sin? Are you too young to die?—No; then surely you are not too young to take thought for that important event, which *may* come now, but *will* come assuredly when a few, perhaps a very few, more years are elapsed. Before I was as old

as you are, my dear, thoughts like these occupied my mind; and, I bless GOD, from that time I have deemed myself happy and safe, only through the blood and righteousness of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. I have never repented of my choosing Wisdom's ways; but have invariably found happiness proportioned to the degree in which my heart has been devoted to GOD. The language of Scripture is the same to all, and says, "My son give me thy heart." More we cannot give, and less than this is not sufficient. Let us always believe that we have no more religion than we have in the heart. It therefore behoves us to be decided in this matter, because, "no man can serve two masters." The love of this world and the love of GOD cannot dwell in one heart at the same time.

Let me then conclude all that I have said to you, with the Scriptural exhortation, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy

" youth :" and may GOD give you grace so to do ! Next Monday we are going to St. Peter's for a little time, and wish we could have your company for a day or two.

Remember us most respectfully to ——, and always believe me,

Most affectionately yours,

M. C.

LETTER VII.

Margate, Nov. 7, 1801.

I have the happiness to inform you, my dear boy, (if you have not already been informed of it) that, through the mercy of our GOD, I have been favoured with an addition to our family ; and I hope it may prove as agreeable an event to you as it did to all at home. On the 20th of last month, I had the great satisfaction of being called mother to a dear girl ; which, amidst a company of beloved boys, was no unwelcome change ;

and, at present, she promises as fair for health and strength as any of her brothers. We look forward with pleasure to the approaching holidays, when we promise ourselves a happiness never our's before, to see our *five* children together. Dear little John grows a very nice boy: he can run alone any where, and chatters very prettily indeed.

Your dear father is very much engaged in business, and particularly just now, in consequence of the tempestuous weather we have lately experienced, which has caused considerable distress among the shipping. Some truly melancholy events have been occasioned by it. The loss, not merely of property, but persons; and some of those our neighbours too, for whom we cannot but sensibly feel. Wednesday last was an awful day to many; we shall long recollect it. Capt. P——, of the ——, and two more persons found a watery grave. There were seven in the boat, three of whom were saved.

This distressing circumstance happened within sight of the pier, but the sea was so rough that no assistance could be given in time. They have left wives and friends to lament their loss; and Capt. P. a son, a dear little infant about the age of mine, which is very pitiable indeed: and, if we turn our eyes for a moment to another view of the subject, and reflect what an important change it was for them! Launched out of time into eternity! Oh, what a sermon was this circumstance to all the spectators! GOD grant that it may be improved to the advantage of them all! The event admonishes all who hear of it, in language like this, "Be *ye* "also ready, for in such an hour as ye think "not, the Son of man cometh."

Our friends here, are about as well as usual. Present our respectful remembrance to ——, and believe me truly, my dear boy's,

Most affectionate mother,

M. C.

LETTERS TO MR. C——.

LETTER I.

Margate, Jan. 21, 1796.

That I may not be disappointed of the great pleasure I promise myself, my dearest love, I begin to write immediately after breakfast. I did not find myself so much disposed for the work yesterday as I expected, which was all very well, as my hands were pretty well kept in action by our sweet babe. - - -

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Thus have I given you a full account of my dear little charge; but have not told you how I long to hear of your welfare. I trust the LORD will presently put a fresh song of praise into my mouth, by the receipt of a letter, for which I am in eager expectation. His mercies have known no bounds for us. Oh! that our gratitude were but propor-

tioned to his goodness!—We know, I trust my love, by blessed experience, how pleasant a thing it is to give thanks, in our small and languid breathings: but, what mut it be, to do it to the full import of these words?

'When all thy mercies, Oh! my God,
'My rising soul surveys,
'Transported with the view I'm lost
'In wonder, love, and praise.'

There was a time (Oh! how sweet is the recollection,) when I could more emphatically adopt them as my own. You know to what I allude; even to those many months, which, however trying and tedious to some, were, I believe, the best I ever knew in my life. I would wish to repeat this to you over and over again. Oh, that the LORD would write it upon our hearts as with the pen of a diamond! At the remembrance of it now, I cannot but rejoice, when my heart is not in tune for any other spiritual service whatever. The eye of the mind may look backward as

well as forward. Here is my soul's delightful repast; oft times I can rejoice in the past when I tremble for the future: many a sweet refreshment doth it afford me, when I can talk or write of all those his wondrous works; well may I say wondrous works, for I could never have believed my mind could have been brought to such a state of serenity in a situation, in which I once thought, I should have been the most exposed to storms, to gloomy doubts and fears; but, for ever adored be the name of the LORD! the very reverse was my case, and a sweet calm was given! I felt an absolute indifference concerning the event, as it respected *myself*; so that I could truly say:

'Or life or death, 'tis equal weight.'

If life; Oh may I live to thee. But for *you*, my greatest earthly treasure, I did most sensibly feel: on this account I conflicted with many sorrows and sighs, only known to myself, and that GOD who sees

the inmost recesses of the heart, and to whom, of all creatures, surely I stand the most indebted. In all respects my cup hath run over. I have had a contented mind, which has been a continual feast; "Not unto "us, not unto us, but unto his name be all "the glory!" Oh how great is the goodness of the LORD to those who put their trust under the shadow of his wings! I heartily unite with you, my love, in thankfulness to the GOD and Father of all our mercies, for this fresh one of taking care of you and our dear boy, so far on your journey. I hope to-morrow to hear that he is quite well.

Ah! on how many accounts have we occasion for thankfulness! Nor is that the least which you particularize. May we remember with humility the cause of all differences in religious matters; but with gratitude, who hath made us so happily to *agree to differ*. My heart deceives me not, surely, when I

say that I am enabled wholly to give up my own will to your's in this matter. How heartily do I wish your mind to be satisfied, and pray that the LORD may direct you so, that you may enjoy ease and comfort, as the result of that tenderness of conscience, which induced you so unweariedly to seek to know his mind and will on this subject. - -

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And now, my beloved husband, after once more commending you to the never ceasing care of a covenant God, I will conclude, by subscribing myself for the first time,

Your unworthy, but truly affectionate wife,

M. C.

LETTER XX.

Margate, Jan. 21, 1798.

Thanks to my dearest love, for his unexpected kind remembrance of me, and thanks to the LORD for having put it in your power to

communicate the welcome tidings of your safe arrival at R———. Ere this you will, in all probability, have had my letter, which would inform you of our welfare; and I have reason to be thankful that this leaves us quite as well as we were then. - - - - - -

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Remember William's book, or get some information on what he should be taught at his age. I do indeed daily feel myself so very ignorant, that I should be thankful to gain information on this subject. - - - - -

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I feel so barren of any thing to say, which might be profitable, that I am quite discouraged in the attempt to write, sometimes when one has little room and opportunity, our inclinations and abilities for writing seem the greater. Surely in all respects the evil of our hearts and the temptations of our spiritual enemies are more predominant than we suspect or are aware of: all speaks loudly to us

to watch and pray.—To those duties how shamefully backward we feel!—Oh, what a load of sin and corruption do we groan under, so that we cannot do the thing that we would!—Evil is continually present with us, nor do we the thing which we promise ourselves that we will do.

The LORD lays his hand on us—he makes us to feel the rod, and whilst we are under its smart, uncertain as to the issue of our affliction, whether by life or death; Oh! how do we chide ourselves for our past untoward behaviour to the LORD and say, that if he delivers us but this once, we will be decidedly for him and not another. The affliction vanishing, too oft do our resolutions also vanish with it; and we are again left to bemoan and lament, saying that a deceiving, a divided heart hath turned us aside!—The LORD sees all this, he takes cognizance of every secret work and imagination; and how

displeasing must be the sight! he looks, and reasonably expects (speaking after the manner of men) that we should bring forth grapes—but, behold, are they not wild grapes?—Is there any part of our conduct whereof he can say, I have pleasure in this? I am speaking, (though I say *us* and *our's*) of *myself alone*.—My own heart speaks true, and tells me that in all things I am far inferior to him whom I am addressing. There is nothing in myself that I have to plead, why or wherefore the LORD should have any mercy on such an one. We know but little of ourselves; yet enough to humble us in the very dust before the LORD. Now I shall conclude—The LORD bless, preserve and keep you, my dearest love, and in his own due time return you in health and perfect safety to,

Your truly affectionate wife,

M. C.

My tenderest love to our dear boy.

LETTER III.

Margate, April 25, 1798.

Though I should be able to devote but a few minutes to my dearest love, believe me it is with much pleasure that I avail myself of them to drop you a few lines,—thankful to have it in my power to inform you that this, through mercy, leaves me quite well.

I hope my dearest love was preserved through the silent watches of the night, and safely conducted to the end of his journey.

How I miss your company, conversation and attentions, and look forward with longing hopes and expectations for their return!—How inexpressibly deep are my obligations to that God and Father of mercies, who almost wrought a miracle, in permitting our hands to be joined together!—Let us not, because the time is long since past and gone,

forget the dark cloud of Providence which once hung over our earthly prospects, and seemed to threaten that it should never be light, Oh! how should a remembrance of the great and wonderful things the LORD hath done for us, incline our hearts to trust him with all future events! but I want to learn this lesson daily.—LORD increase our faith! Remember your unworthy wife in all your petitions at a throne of grace, as she does you; and, if possible, with equal feelings of love and affection. I ask not for greater.—I hope to hear from you to-morrow, and beg you to believe me,

Your truly affectionate wife,

M. C.

LETTER I.

TO ——

I thank you for your very affectionate letter; and have no doubt but you will be-

lieve, it afforded me pleasure to find that upon the whole, it was better with you than it had been.

Oh! how many mercies have we to be thankful for!—How are they heightened, by comparing our situation and circumstances with thousands and tens of thousands in the world!—How are they enlarged indeed, when we reflect on present ease and past pain of either body or mind, through the which we have been brought!

The Lord increase our thankfulness for the past, our faith for the future!—May we learn to live, as dependent creatures ought to do, on him by the day—then shall we not be over anxiously concerned about the uncertain to-morrow, which may never be ours. We shall have a sweet peace and tranquillity of mind, which none but he who feels it knows. The Lord grant it to you and to me, more abundantly!

As an individual, when I consider how

tenderly I have been dealt with in every respect, I can but be amazed, and say, why me? LORD, why me?—When I reflect on what great things the LORD hath done for me, especially of late, I hope I feel a grateful heart.—How have I been favoured as a wife, and now as a mother!—And here I can but tell you how differently the LORD has seen fit in his righteous Providence to act towards ——, at ——, who had indeed a time of sorrow and of difficulty, never I imagine to be forgotten.

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Will you not join with me in saying that I have the greatest cause for thankfulness? for who hath made me and mine to differ from others in these respects? My precious boy, though an uncertain comfort, here to-day and gone to-morrow, nevertheless gives us every flattering hope of life—of life with health too—He scarcely ever ails any thing—

I have the greatest pleasure in nursing and doing for him imaginable, and ——'s heart too, is not a little drawn out towards him. She deals very kindly and tenderly with him indeed, for which I desire to be thankful.

Your's sincerely,

M. C.

LETTER II.

20th Feb. 1796.

I have been in daily expectation of hearing from you, but till now am without any direct reply to my last, only as I am willing to accept your sentiments of love and affection breathed towards me in your's to ——.

You must be well assured in your own mind, from my general conduct, that I have a great love and regard for you; and I am as truly persuaded in my own heart, that your's is still as great for me. Under these ideas you cannot wonder that I was hurt—Nay,

put the matter home—place yourself in my situation, and you will easily account for all my feelings. But, having honestly given you my sentiments on the subject, I desire no more to repeat them, nor even to think of, but to have entirely done with, the matter. You know, as I love you, I must be concerned at having given you pain; and very gladly would I mitigate any unpleasant feelings with which you are or may be exercised, if it were in my power: for I can never forget that long, that sweet friendship which has happily subsisted between us for so many years.—No change of circumstance on my part has occasioned this, nor will any in your's. I must still remember the time when we were so situated, that we took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God as friends. A recollection of these times knits my very soul afresh to you; and, were you here, I believe I could weep over you with tears of affection; yea, with

tears of gratitude for the many undeniable proofs I have had of your sincere attachment.

Can I ever forget the hours we have redeemed from sleep, that we might sweetly converse together of the good things of GOD? —No, I cannot.—When I have rejoiced, you have rejoiced, and when, through sudden temptations or trials, I have been constrained to weep, you have kindly wept with me. Yes! there was a time when I believe, if you had an idol in your heart, I was that idol :— but even then, if you call to mind circumstances that are past, I was constrained out of pure love to you, to be faithful to you, in pointing out those things which I thought were not right; and you always assured me, that you took it well of me. And in the end you will not be sorry that you have had my mind in this matter. Your confidence, as formerly, I can scarcely expect;—though, if I have it not in part, I shall be mistaken. Oh! that the LORD would appear for you in

every difficulty with which you may be exercised through life!—That he may graciously forgive all that has at any time been amiss—and give you wisdom and prudence to fill up whatever situation and relationship the LORD has designed for you.

Your's, &c. M. C.

TO MRS. ———

LETTER I.

Margate, 1st Dec. 1798.

I have frequently stood reproved in my own mind, for not acknowledging the receipt of two very friendly letters from dear Mrs. ———. I have nothing worth the name of an apology to offer, unless it is a sameness of ill conduct to all my other friends. With christians, however, these things may in a measure be dispensed with; and would,

could I persuade myself you had not taken, or rather mistaken, it as a mark of disrespect: for this I should be grieved; but would willingly persuade myself it is not so.

We thank you for all your kind information relating to the missionary business; and heartily wish them GOD speed. Without his blessing what do we to prosper? and with it what shall fail? the poverty of means is nothing with him. Herein he works like a sovereign, and lays aside the petty distinctions we are continually making respecting men and things.

I hope the LORD is prospering you and your's in all your attempts for the advancement of his glory and the good of his creatures; and that your domestick comforts of every sort, are continued and enlarged, as far as we may wish them to be so in this wilderness, where the bitter follows the sweet, and the comfort has its attendant cross; so that we may always sing a mingled song of judgment and mercy.

The LORD bless you and your's, my dear friend. Accept our united kind remembrance to yourself and children,

Believing me,

Your affectionate friend,

M C.

TO MRS. ——

LETTER I.

Margate, March 29, 1796.

Well indeed may I be ashamed, on looking back to the date of your last kind letter. Will you pardon the neglect, my dear friend? I have nothing to say by way of excuse, much less to justify myself for the omission. I am sure I have no right to expect a single line from you; but your past kindness to me encourages me still to hope that you will not yet give me up to my deserts.

Believe me, it afforded me much pleasure to learn by the return of Mr. ——, of the ge-

neral welfare of your family; and more particularly to find that the presence of the LORD seemed to be with you. I heard him speak with much satisfaction of the profit he derived, by uniting with you in family-worship, the morning he breakfasted at your house, and how much he considers himself indebted to Mr. ——, for his great kindness to him: indeed the very ingenuous, friendly part he acted, ought never to be forgotten. I speak as I think, my dear friend, for, however my dear partner and myself are given to see some things in a different light, I bless the LORD, this never gave us one dissenting word. I was therefore truly happy (seeing the anxiety under which he laboured, and the scruples he was exercised with,) that he was directed to one so well calculated to act the faithful unprejudiced part. Oh! how much are we indebted to the LORD for domestick peace and happiness! I can never tell you the depth of my obligations to him for this and the many

other comforts I enjoy. I can never tell you the gratitude that, I trust, I may say, I have felt for them. The great things he has done for me, demand my continual praise. Yes, my dear friend, since I last wrote to you or heard from you, I have experienced much of his goodness indeed. How excellent was his loving kindness to me at a moment never to be forgotten, both for sorrow and for joy! Yea, how truly excellent was it, the whole time I may say, of my pregnancy! I never in all my days before, felt such composure of mind, such nearness of soul to the LORD. May it never be forgotten by me! the remembrance of it now is sweet; though the degree to which I felt it, I am sorry to say, is gone: but perhaps, there is not the need be for it *now*, that there was *then*. My natural spirits were so uncommonly great, that, united to the unshaken dependence I had on the mercy of the LORD, nothing ever discouraged me, as it respected myself. I believe

I could then say (though I would not be too positive) " or life or death, 'tis equal weight." But, be this as it may, the fact is certain, that I did enjoy a great measure of resignation to the will of the LORD ; and now, that the important matter has been long since terminated, how can I be sufficiently thankful for the result, seeing he was pleased in due time to make me the mother of a living and well-formed child, and for the continued good hand that has been on my dear babe! Ever since his birth he has scarcely ever known any thing of pain.—This day he is four months old, and thrives to the utmost extent of my wishes. Now, I am the subject of many feelings, while my heart is cleaving to him, and I am ready to do the utmost in my power to supply all his bodily wants and necessities. I feel sometimes almost an agony in my mind, when I reflect that I have been the instrument of bringing a being into existence, that must be eternally miserable or

happy. The importance of his soul lies much on my mind, and, could I secure its felicity, I think I could wrestle night and day with the LORD; but, oh! may I ever remember, that secret things belong unto him, that he is the Judge of all the earth, and will assuredly do right respecting me and mine! But it is a matter, however, I am convinced in my judgment, that by taking thought I can neither add to nor diminish from; because "the counsel of the LORD shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure" concerning him; yet I cannot so easily, as I have often talked of, leave such matters to the LORD.

See, my dear friend, how I have run on! You have just had my sentiments as freely as they have occurred.—You will be pleased to pardon all that is amiss, and believe me, with our united christian love to ——,

Your affectionate, &c.

M. C.

LETTER II.

Margate, March 4, 1799.

I embrace with pleasure the first opportunity that presents itself, of acknowledging with thankfulness your kind favour; as I know not how soon I may be unavoidably prevented from so doing. I believe my dear friend has always hitherto been apprized of the LORD's kind dealings with me at these seasons of peculiar need, and I am not willing that she should think him less gracious now than heretofore, or that I am, upon the whole, more unmindful of this his indulgence than formerly. I have always had, and still have, great reason to complain of myself for base ingratitude, &c. and which, were we dealing with any other than GOD himself, would make it appear matter of wonder, that his hand is not shortened at all in these renewed tokens of love and kindness. My experience is not, I think, upon the whole,

so high as it has been before at these times; but, I bless his name, that this does not discourage me at all; because it makes me feel more entirely my dependence on him for all I have, and all the help I hope for. He has said, "Call upon me in the day of "trouble:" and I have reason to praise him, that I feel such a composure of spirit, and such a persuasion that he will hear me and deliver me, that doubts and fears are of short duration. That I should be haunted with them at all, does not surprise me; I cannot look upon two dear babes without at times experiencing very sensible emotions. I lament, I believe, as much as most mothers, my deficiencies of duty towards them; but yet cannot but feel a secret self-preference, that makes me think their loss would be great, if my place were vacant; and this, upon the whole, is the greatest source of disquieting apprehensions of any that I expeperience; for as it respects myself, I know

not, but I could as readily relinquish all other temporal things now, as ever, but for these three worldly attachments, the best of husbands, and the two dear pledges of our mutual affection. I feel my soul very sensibly cleaving to the dust: but I will hasten to sum up this long digression, upon my own personal concerns, by once more ascribing glory to the name of the LORD for all his goodness to the unworthiest: and let him deal with me as seemeth best to him; only give me patience to act like a Christian under all, and, by a passive suffering of his will, may my conduct speak as loud as words, that I believe him "righteous in all his ways, as well as holy in all his works."

I thank you, my dear friend, for your well-timed present, which I have read with general approbation of its contents: indeed, a few sentences excepted, I think it extremely judicious. I will not tell you what these are; you would only attribute it to a mother's

weakness: indeed, I have much to lament, and need fresh supplies of wisdom, courage, &c. every day I live.—I was sorry to hear from your son the reason you had not been able to write before, but desire to be thankful with you on your recovery.

With united love and respects,

Believe me yours, &c.

LETTER III.

Margate, May 11, 1801.

My obligations are increased to my dear Mrs. ——, for her speedy and unmerited attention to my last, which gave me pleasure on several accounts: to find that I was wrong in my surmise, and to hear that all your family were so well.—I hope that we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing you at Margate; the season of the year and fineness of the weather, are very inviting, and I hope may induce you to come down.

Indeed, I have reason to be thankful for the kind interest you take in my happiness, which is much, and perhaps too much, made up in the welfare of my family. Through mercy, at present we are all well. My dear boys enjoy a good share of health: they are grown since you saw them, and grow daily into my affection. I feel truly inadequate for the management of them, and the bringing them up; so that I am often saying, "Who is sufficient for these things?" I think I do prize that part of the word, "If any man lack wisdom," &c. for we know there are treasures of wisdom and knowledge in GOD, and that he often communicates them, according to our needs. We never do worse than when we foolishly think we can manage for ourselves. It is a mercy that we thus meet with disappointments, as it serves to wean us from that spirit of self-dependence which is very congenial with our nature. - - - - - -

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I have abundant reason to be thankful for the ministry of Mr. ——, as I believe it has been much blessed to the real profit and advantage of my soul. I have often felt comforted under his labours, and trust I have generally experienced deep humility, and such sensations as I think have had some influence in moderating my attachments to creature-comforts (which are a great snare to me), and of giving me a general indifference and deadness to the world, in aspiring after holiness, and hatred to sin, &c. &c.

Pray accept, and present our kindest love to Mr.—— and your family; and believe me truly,

Your affectionate and obliged, &c.

TO MRS. ——.

LETTER I.

Margate, 4th Dec. 1800.

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I hope my dear friend had the satisfaction of finding her dear children quite well. I desire to be thankful that William has got quite through the cow-pock, and Thomas and John promise for doing as well. This I shall esteem a fresh mercy from the hand of the Almighty, and which I hope may have its due effect to lead me to love and serve him with my whole heart. The heart is what God requires, and nothing less; more we cannot give him. Of what infinite importance it is, to be satisfied how it is with us in these respects, seeing that nothing short of eternal death or life depends upon the disposition of our minds with regard to religious concerns. God and Mammon are irreconcileable, and we must be either the Lord's friends or his enemies. You will, I hope, pardon me for this digression, and not think me an intruder for touching upon this subject, which I perhaps

might not have so freely ventured to do, but from the inclination you manifested of attending to these things.—Will you present our kindest remembrance to Mr. ——, and believe me,

Your affectionate and respectful friend,

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LETTER II.

Margate, Feb. 26, 1801.

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I am glad my dear Mrs. —— did not think me impertinent in the few hints of my last. It is a very natural thing that we should endeavour to recommend that to others, which we feel the advantage of ourselves. Blessed be God, I have experienced that in religion which adds solid pleasure to our happiness; and, as Cowper beautifully observes, " gives

" even affliction a grace, and reconciles man " to his lot." There are some characters in the world who have only just religion enough to make them miserable. They have too much to permit them to gratify the pleasures of sense, but not enough to lead them to seek their whole happiness in the ways of God. How much to be pitied ! Truly, of all men the most miserable are those. Let us, my dear friend, endeavour to prove by our conduct, that we are spoiled for the world ; that we are seeking pleasures above its grasp. This only can make us truly happy here, and secure us happiness hereafter. Oh, that we could but realize the misery or blessedness of a future state ! surely we should be in earnest then. We are fast (and who can tell how fast ?) hastening to an eternal world. Let us never consider that of importance, which would divert our attention from a steady adherence to the plain precepts of the word of God. That both you and all yours

may be the partakers of that faith, which hath the promise both of this and the future world, is the real wish of, dear Mrs. ——,

Your affectionate,

M. C.

LETTER III.

Margate, July 8, 1801.

Permit me, my dear friend, to offer you my best thanks for all your kindness to me when in town, which rendered my time very pleasant indeed; and the whole was crowned by the gratifying circumstance of finding my dear children and friends well on my return. There must of necessity, I find, be an alloy to all our happiness whilst here below; and the fear of this, I confess, operated much to interrupt and mar the comfort I might otherwise have enjoyed: but all is well, when I reflect that it ended well. Our journey was delightful indeed; the rain had refreshed all

nature, and the appearance of all around us was animating. We were rather late home, on account of the roads being very heavy towards the latter part of our ride.

I hope my dear Mrs. —— was not materially fatigued by her friendly and undeserved services to me; for this I should be very, very sorry indeed: though I know not what I should have done but for your deciding voice; for all which permit me once more to thank you.

We put on mourning on Sunday for an aunt of mine, who died last Monday.

We have, my dear friend, many mementos of the shortness of time, of the certainty of death, of the awful nature of an eternal state, &c. Oh! that we were more apt to improve the solemn admonition! that we were wise to consider and to provide for our latter end! When death makes its entrance into a family, it has been often observed to make an awful and unexpected progress; and none of us are able to say how far his commission ex-

tends, but as that is made known by the dispensations of an all-wise Providence.

Accept our united and grateful acknowledgements, and always believe me, my dear Mrs. ——,

Your obliged and affectionate,

M. C.

TO MISS ——.

LETTER I.

Margate, April, 1795.

I thank you, my dear ——, for your letter; and most sincerely hope you may not have had one unkind thought of me for not having replied to it long before this. I could multiply a variety of excuses to prove, that disaffection has not been the cause; and I trust you will believe it when I say so. I am glad you give me credit for being a *little* interested in your recovery, and thank you for

your kind expressions of regard for me. Indeed, my dear, I do feel most sincerely concerned for your welfare, both as it respects your body and your soul; but when we seriously reflect on the vanity of the one, compared with the infinite importance of the other, the former seems to dwindle into insignificance, and the eternal safety of the latter should occupy our most serious thoughts. With reflections of this kind, I am persuaded you are not unacquainted—your long and painful affliction must have urged inquiries like this, 'Wherefore doth the Almighty contend with me?' and indeed this is a subject that demands an impartial investigation; for we know that he doth not "willingly afflict or grieve the children of men," but that he hath some end to answer for his own glory and our good. We ought, therefore, under such circumstances, to aim at his end; and whether it be to mortify us to the vanities of

time, or to shew us the evil of sin, or what not, let it be our prayer, that such desirable blessings may be accomplished, though it be by our suffering in the flesh: and then, when the affliction is thus sanctified, we may lawfully ask that it may be removed; but perhaps not till then. You will never regret this long and painful illness, if it be but the means of deadening your heart to the world, so effectually as to constrain you to seek all your happiness in GOD. We are but the creatures of a day, and short-sighted, and know not to what lengths of sin we might run, did not the LORD interpose by his afflicting hand, and say, "Hitherto shalt thou "go, &c." Let us then justify his conduct to us under the most severe dispensations. Yours, my dear, is a school of discipline; GOD grant you may have a teachable disposition, and learn every important lesson, which will turn to account in that day when the

thoughts of all hearts shall be revealed ! but, before that awful period, may you be enabled to choose decidedly that better part which ensures the best happiness here, as well as eternal felicity hereafter ! Trials like yours demand present consolation. If you would be happy under the chastening rod, look to JESUS : he sees your sickness of body and mind, and stands with open arms to rescue every sin-sick soul. All the fitness he requires is, that you feel your need of him ; but, if you do not feel yourself a sinner, and so, willing to be saved, remember that JESUS CHRIST is exalted on high, " a Prince and a " Saviour, to give *repentance*, as well as the " remission of sins ;" but recollect, at the same time, that we have no right to expect it if we do not ask. Seek then, my dear girl, an interest in him by fervent prayer ; the means are ours—the blessing is his. Let me hear how it is with you. Open your mind ; you

may do it with safety. Accept my best love, and present it to all near to you and dear to me in the best bonds.

Yours most affectionately,

M. C.

LETTER II.

Margate, Nov 21, 1800.

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I am sorry, and so are all your friends here, dear ——, to hear so indifferent an account of yourself; but be sure, my dear, so soon as the affliction has accomplished that for which it was sent (and not a moment sooner) it will be removed. All our times are in the Lord's hand, and such a long and painful trial would not have taken place in your history, but for ends the most wise; though, perhaps, the most opposite means are taken to what we could

wish. By and bye, when the curtain is drawn aside, we shall see things in a proper light, and justify GOD in all his ways. All the while you are so agitated, as you express, I cannot but fear, that your wishes, that the LORD may incline you to seek his face, do not terminate in an absolute application to the blood of sprinkling for pardon. Then, be assured, your peace would flow like a river. Though you would feel sorrow to think you had sinned, perhaps against light and knowledge; yet, believe me, you would have such joys, as are not to be conceived of, unless they are experienced. But suppose you have never yet felt, as you think you ought: what hindereth, but that even *now* you may come? Yet there is room; the Fountain is still open. "Ask and it shall be given, seek "and ye shall find." Beg of the LORD, and give yourself no rest, till you are enabled to "cleave unto him with full purpose of heart." Remember, JESUS CHRIST is exalted on high,

a Prince of *Power*, as well as a Saviour of *Peace*, " to *give* repentance unto Israel," &c. Every good and perfect gift must come from him ; but nevertheless, for all these things he will be sought and intreated of, by such sinners as you and I. And, what a mercy it is that he is ever found of such as seek him ! Can we not give him our time, when he has given his life for us ? Surely we can approach the mercy-seat, and humbly ask the Father of Mercies, to give us those invaluable blessings, without which our souls cannot be happy. At least, ——, you can pray for a heart to pray, to love, and long for, spiritual blessings. I hope I shall one day have the pleasure of seeing you triumphing in redeeming love, and enjoying all your happiness in God. Oh, what soul-satisfaction would it afford me, and those who love your best interest ! Perhaps this may only touch the feelings, and not inform the judgment. I am sensible of the deficiencies, but let me hear that you approve, and receive it in love,

and it will be a great encouragement for my writing (though so imperfectly) again. Answer in a long letter I beg of you. In the mean time, believe me,

Your real friend, M. C.

LETTER III.

Margate, Jan. 3, 1801.

It was, I think, on this day week, my dear ——, that I was favoured with your truly affectionate letter. It gave me great pleasure; and Oh! that the Spirit of God may dictate every word, and guide my pen so to write as shall be everlastingly for the profit of your precious and immortal soul! I feel the importance of the task that devolves upon me; as I am persuaded, from your uniform conduct of regard to me, that you place some confidence in my opinion. Now, permit me to say, my dear ——, that the things you mention lie so much between God and your

soul, that it it is perhaps rather difficult to ascertain your exact feelings; and how these feelings operate upon your judgment, and how both actuate your conduct. I perceive a great propriety in your being afraid to trust your own heart: because there is, no doubt, too great a truth in the observation you make, relative to that light and knowledge which is communicated by a religious education; and the great proneness there is in the human heart, at the *moment of distress*, to seek the LORD, and, as the affliction wears off, to depart from him. This, indeed, we have too often seen exemplified; and I think I have lately been witness to something of the very same sort. This, my dear ——, should warn you; this should teach you to examine strictly your own heart, and to be jealous of your motives; but it should by no means—I repeat it—by no means discourage you.—Though we have too frequently witnessed circumstances of the above painful nature, yet, blessed be GOD! there is a goodly company

of those who can stand up and say, ‘ In the ‘ school of affliction I learnt my best les- ‘ sons—lessons to the eternal salvation of ‘ my soul ;” and why may not —— —— be of that number? If many, in the time of affliction, were to wait till the return of health for proof of the genuine nature of their concern, they would never have that opportunity afforded them. When disease enters, who can tell the end? The invitations of the Gospel do not run in this conditional kind of way; it is no where said, or even intimated, that I know of, to this effect; but thus it runs to every soul who feels his sin a burden, and his need of Christ in the present unlimited sense: “ *Now*—now is the ac- “ cepted time, now is the day of salvation.” Do not lay your account of days, weeks, &c. to come, but come to-day: “ Come unto me, “ ye weary heavy laden,” if you have never come before. Ask the Lord to teach you to pray, to instruct you in the way of salvation.

Tell him your sins, and that which is most upon your mind, your not improving the means which have been offered. Acknowledge this your sin to him; we have all sins to confess, but the Gospel proclaims salvation. JESUS CHRIST has laid down his precious life for sinners. Yet there is room—make application. What can he have done more? or what could he say more than he has? "Who-"soever *will*, let him come." "Him that "cometh I will in no wise cast out." "He "is able to save to the very uttermost." And, if you can't say you feel such contrition for sin as you ought, remember he is exalted on high, to give *repentance* as well as remission of sins. I think you can't say you have not a will to be saved; but if you think even so, ask him (plead that word) to work in you both to *will* and to *do*. Oh that I could so wrestle with you, as effectually to prevail! Let me, I pray you, hear how it is with you, and tell me more of your whole heart. I beg

you will most affectionately believe that I sympathize with you in all your bodily afflictions, and pray the LORD to sanctify and remove them. Oh what a suffering life is yours! The LORD give you patience and resignation, and grant that you may have abundant cause to bless him for the rod, and bring you out of the furnace refined, as gold is refined!—Present kindest love to all your household, And believe me, &c.

M. C.

LETTER IV.

Margate, Feb. 26, 1801.

Perhaps, my dear ——, you may have had hard thoughts of me for not writing to you long before this. I have the pleasure to tell you that illness has not prevented me. Before I received your last I had been rather poorly, but not materially so. The truth is, I have often sought an opportunity for the sole purpose of writing to you, but have as often been

defeated in my design. I thank you for your kind affection for me, and the never doubting it was sincere, has given me boldness in writing to you. Though the more I know of myself, the more sensibly am I persuaded that I am indeed "less than the least of saints:" yet I verily believe you think all you say of me. But you do not know my heart: I have many conflicts with an evil nature, known only to myself; and I desire, as long as I am in the body, to feel it. I have long thought there is nothing worth living for here, but to fill up our days to the glory of GOD; and when that is done, why should the Christian wish for life? Oh to have an abiding hope of a better world! and which, blessed be GOD, I am not without. I would not part with it for the universe. 'There's nothing here deserves my 'joys, there's nothing like my GOD;' and this I have often found at a throne of grace, when I have been indulged with the light of

the LORD's countenance; when I have more sensibly felt the vanity of the world; when sin has appeared hateful, and conformity to the dear Saviour the chief wish of my heart. Five minutes thus spent is worth an age of carnal joy. The presence of GOD, as *my* GOD, is a heaven upon earth. I suppose the Apostle felt this, when he had a desire to depart and to be with CHRIST; and that has not been peculiar to him. Many of the dear saints of GOD have been thus favoured, and have been ready to exclaim, If *thus* in the prison, Oh for the palace! I think I may say, without exaggeration, that, at many times, and even within a few days, I have had such feelings as I have been endeavouring to describe: but perhaps my dear —— may say, What has this to do with *my* case? it seems only to tantalize me. Why, let me draw this inference: if religion has done this for me in a smaller degree, and for many of the children of GOD to a much greater, why not

also for you? the fault must be in yourself. What hindereth your taking the consolations of the Gospel? Your deep affliction requires suitable comfort. You can't find it away from GOD. Let me affectionately entreat you to examine what is the cause, and to make it matter of constant prayer, that the Spirit of GOD may convince you of sin, give you to see your absolute need of CHRIST, and enable you properly to estimate his value as the physician of souls. We must know and feel ourselves to be sinners, before we can be said to be weary and heavy laden. This is declared to be the work and office of the Holy Spirit of GOD, to teach a poor sinner his lost and helpless state, to make him really hate sin, not merely because of its sad consequences in affliction here and misery hereafter, but because GOD hates it, and has declared that without holiness no man can see him (that is, acceptably)—Oh! that the LORD may guide you here by his unerring

counsel, and afterwards receive you to glory! "Ask therefore, and it shall be given, seek "and you shall find."

Pray let me hear from you soon. All friends here are well. Miss —— grows in grace daily, and promises for a shining Christian. Oh! what cause of thankfulness!

Believe me truly and affectionately, your's

M. C.

LETTER V.

Margate, March 21, 1801.

Your letter, my dear ——, sensibly renewed the sympathetick feelings I have often experienced on your behalf. Ah! what a mournful affliction is yours! Oh, that it would please the LORD to sanctify and remove it!—but it will not be duly sanctified unless it has a happy influence on your soul, to bring you to the foot of the bleeding cross, as a poor lost miserable sinner; and there,

in the LORD's good time, lead you to embrace the dear Saviour as all your salvation and all your desire. Then, and not till then, will happiness be your portion. Ask it not till you find it in the forgiveness of your sins. How truly melancholy your case, considering yourself as it were on the borders of an eternal world, and yet without solid satisfaction as it respects your fitness for that state! GOD forbid that I should flatter you with a presumptuous hope! This would be cruelty in the extreme: and there are certainly many things, of which none can judge, so well as ourselves—I mean as it refers to our motives. Bear with me then, my dear ——, when I say that the *heart*, the *whole heart* is that sacrifice which GOD requires; and if there be this sin indulged, and the other excused, we have good reason to doubt about the sincerity of our motives. But on the other hand, if we can make this appeal to the heart-searching GOD—"LORD thou knowest

all things, thou knowest that I love thee"—though not so much as I *would*, for I wish to love thee ardently and supremely. That I feel sin whilst I am a sinner, is not to be wondered at; but if I hate and abhor it, because it is that accursed thing which GOD hates; which put his dear Son to death; if I mourn over my stubborn will and rebellious passions; if it is the grief of my heart, that I am so little conformed to the blessed JESUS, and in all respects so little like what I wish to be, as a follower of the Lamb of GOD, I ask who implanted these holy desires? Who can have wrought such a change in that heart, which was once enmity against GOD?—None, surely, but the blessed Spirit of GOD! and if he has begun that good work, he has promised to perform it until the day of JESUS CHRIST. Take encouragement then, my dear: if these be your wishes and views, what should hinder you from appropriating the comforts of the Gos-

pel to yourself! It is said that the LORD "waiteth to be gracious;" that "him that cometh, he will in no wise cast out;" that whosoever *will* may be saved. Are you then not willing to be saved? Surely you cannot say that.—Are you not willing also to be saved in GOD's own way?—JESUS is the Way. Come then as a lost sinner and be ye saved by free grace. Pardon all imperfections, and ever believe me,

Your truly affectionate, M. C.

LETTER VI.

Margate, May 11, 1801.

I am sorry, my dear ——, your letter has lain by me so long unanswered. Having but just returned from St. Peters, a suitable opportunity has not before offered, for the purpose of writing to you. I hope you have not once thought me unkind: this would pain and grieve me. Let me, I pray you, hear as much and particularly, as you can,

how it is with you, both in body and mind. I thank you for taking the trouble of copying the psalm, but had rather have heard from —— then, than from Dr. Watts; for I long to hear the state of your mind, upon which subject you were very brief in your last letter. Do enter into particulars, my dear ——, and this will furnish me with somewhat to write upon. Is your mind more composed; and do you gain a steadier confidence in the mercy of God? All things are ready, if you are but made ready to accept the blessings of the Gospel. And what an important thing it is, that we be assured upon this subject! How wonderful that a rational being can rest, without some hope upon this matter! without some assurance of personal interest in the favour of God! I hope, and believe that you are not of that thoughtless number, but that the Spirit of God, may have implanted a deep conviction upon your mind, which will not suffer you to be at rest,

till you find him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write; and till you receive him, as the altogether lovely; as one able to save you from sin here, and from the bitter, dreadful consequences of sin hereafter. Able also, to make you happy here; yea, happy under such a painful affliction as your's, and completely so, when you shall be admitted to that state where there is fulness of joy for evermore.

A well-grounded hope of this, will reconcile the mind to those circumstances which would otherwise be insupportable. I hope, and pray that you may find it so.

I was truly glad to hear from my ——, that you were better: if that be really the case, I shall hope to see you at Margate; this would afford mutual pleasure, I am persuaded.—I was also glad to hear so good an account of your ——. I feel for her, and hope that God will be her Refuge and Strength in her time of need, and exceed in

this, all that he has done for her in former instances.—I hope she finds all the support she requires, both in body and mind.—Present my best love to her, &c. &c.—Believe me, my dear ——,

Your truly affectionate friend, M. C.

LETTER VII.

Margate, 9th July, 1801.

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In a few minutes after my arrival, I was favoured with your letter, and could not but regret that I did not receive the other, as it gave a more favourable account of yourself; that, however, you may say, was vanity in the extreme, as the present state of your health is so different.—Ah what a painful exercise is yours!—Oh! that you could look up with a child-like confidence, and say—

my Father does it all—does it for my present, future, and eternal good. My "light affliction, which is but for a moment, is working out for me, a *far more* exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—Surely that must be a hopeful symptom you mention—the desire, the earnest desire of the affliction being rather continued to be sanctified, than removed without that desirable end being answered.—This is an evidence that I should not hesitate, so far as it is operative, to consider as the work of the Spirit of GOD; and we are assured, that where he has begun a good work, he will carry it on; yea, that he will perform it until the day of JESUS CHRIST.

The LORD has various ways of working upon the stout hearts of the children of men; but I apprehend, there is not a more general one, than by the rod of affliction.—With this, he often scourges the body to bring the soul near to himself.—Oh, that it

may be the blessed case, with you, my dear! then you will sing—'sweet affliction, sweet affliction,' (as good Mr. Pearce did), thus to bring my Saviour near.'

If you love me, as I know you do, let me hear from you as soon and as often as you can, always believing me, my dear ——,

Your real friend, C. C.

LETTER VIII.

Margate, Sep. 17, 1801.

I thank you, my dear ——, for your early attention to my letter; but am surprised you did not receive it till Monday.—I send this by the same conveyance, and hope you will receive it regularly. - - - - - - - - - - - -

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I thank you for all your tender concern for me in my present state of dependence: through mercy I am now better again. Oh that it may please the Lord to hear my prayers, and bring me again through the agonizing hour

of nature's sorrow!—And will you not pray for me, my dear ——, that, though *you* cannot, yet *He* may be present with me, to soothe all my sorrows, and cheer my sinking spirits with his heartfelt love and tenderness! Upon the whole, I feel my mind greatly stayed upon him, and in proportion, as that is the case, I am in peace.—Oh, to be just what he would have me to be!—just to bear and suffer his righteous will as I ought to do!—I shall not have one single pain more or severer than should be. My desires are at all times before him, and my groanings will not then be hid from him.

I am glad your accident has not been attended with more lasting, serious consequences, than you have described; and that you are permitted to get out in the carriage, which must be a very pleasing change for you.—When shall I hear a better account of the state of your mind?—After all, this is of the most importance.—Still pray and do not cease—the means only are ours—the

blessing is the Lord's, and the set time to favour you, it seems, is not yet come;—therefore you must not be weary in well-doing—for be assured, that iu due time you shall reap if you faint not.

Pray remember me most affectionately to dear uncle, aunts, and the children.—Accept our united love—I must conclude, and am

Truly, your affectionate friend,

M. C.

LETTER IX.

Margate, 16th Oct. 1801.

What shall I say to you my dear, in excuse for my shameful neglect of yours? I will tell you the honest truth—both your letters reached me on the Ordination-day when I was so fully occupied from morning until very late at night; that I literally had not time to pay attention to their contents, till the next day, when it was too late.—I hope the like will not happen.

Upon the whole your letter makes me hope you are somewhat better.—Oh that it may please GOD, to perfect that, which concerneth both body and soul!—Happy should I be to hear of the prosperity of both; but always practically believe the latter to be of far the greatest importance.—I am glad that you have religion enough to furnish you with strong *desires* for *more*—but, Oh, that I could hear you say, that you not merely *desire*, but that you *delight* in, GOD. In exact proportion as this is the case, do we understand the comfort connected with a life of faith in the Son of GOD.—We know that there cannot be much felicity, while we only desire that which we cannot attain.—May you be enabled personally to press forward, till you can say, as I trust I am enabled, at happy moments to do—"I know whom I have believed, and that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him, until that day."—And these blessings my

dear —, are not confined to one only. Many, blessed be GOD! there are, who are fully persuaded of their interest in redeeming love. and do you not be satisfied, I intreat of you, till you happily know something of it for yourself.—Much has been gained by prayer: the history of the importunate woman with the unjust judge abundantly proves the truth of this remark.—Through mercy I am pretty well—as well as I must expect to be—if it be the LORD's will I hope to keep up till the 10th or 12th of next month—and if not—whether it be to-night or to-morrow, grant me but his *presence*, and *patience*, and I desire to be indifferent—Oh! to be a witness, if but a silent suffering witness, for GOD—I can say, truly my soul waiteth upon him, and my expectation is only from him.—I am indeed poor and needy; yet I believe the LORD thinketh upon me—what a sweet endearing word is that!—to be interested in the kind thoughts of JEHOVAH!.

That this may be your's and mine, is the real wish of, my dear ——,

Your's with affectionate concern,

M. C.

LETTER X.

Margate, 6th Jan. 1802.

With how many blessings, dear ——, has this new year been ushered in!—to our nation—Oh, the invaluable peace!—and to our families, new comforts.—To *us* personally, how has it been?—May I ask my dear ——, is a *new heart* her new year's gift?—Oh that it may!—How it would gladden my heart to hear you say so!—I heard of you in an indirect way a few days ago. - - - - - - -

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What great changes are often witnessed in a very little space!—to some, changes in pro-

vidence, to others, in experience; but what an unspeakable mercy, if all these do but pave the way for our happily meeting that all important one, which awaits us all, and who can tell how soon?—With all you felt and feared a twelvemonth ago—perhaps you scarcely thought of surviving so long—and yet "He lengthens out your span, and yet your moments run"!—Oh, that it may be to accomplish the best ends, as it respects the good of your precious and immortal soul!

I have pleasure in telling you, that through the mercy of a kind and indulgent God, my dear children are as well in health, as may be expected from the constant changes of weather we have witnessed.—My much loved and dear Elizabeth is quite well, and grows very nicely indeed.—Pray make our united love to all the dear family, and believe me, my dear ——,

Your most affectionate friend,

M. C.

LETTER XI.

Margate, 29th Jan. 1802.

Your's, my dear —, and another instance of your kind —'s undeserved readiness to serve me, I received by Mr. —, and I thank you both sincerely for your kindness to one who feels herself so unworthy—and for all your disinterested concern for me and mine.

Thursday Evening, 4th Feb.

By the cries of my dear Elizabeth I was prevented in proceeding any farther in my letter; and since that time, the date of the above, I have neither had opportunity or spirits to resume it.—The dear little creature was extremely ill all that night, and on Saturday my fond heart seemed preparing for a separation: we all apprehended she could not survive—at five o'clock that afternoon, I thought it would have been mine to have witnessed the

death of my much, perhaps *too* much, beloved Elizabeth. Mr. S——, whose attention, on all occasions, I hope very gratefully to remember, visited her three times on that day, and not, I believe, without suspecting her to be in considerable danger—but the LORD once more heard my prayer and supplication, and I desire to love him for it as long as I live.—If parents however, doat too much on their beloved offspring, the LORD will contend with those he loves for it, because we know he is a jealous GOD—and a divided heart is not a fit sacrifice for the KING of kings.—This, my recent experience has confirmed—and I suffered great exercise of mind for those idolatrous thoughts I had, and the words I foolishly spoke.—The LORD pardon the sins of our thoughts and words! Now, my dear——,though this will not apply to you, as it respects children, yet be assured, it matters not what the rival is—whether the world, sin—Satan—earthly con-

nexions, or what not.—We cannot serve two masters—whatever that be that sits Lord in the heart, is an idol—and our God will visit for these things.—Oh, that I had heard you say, a new heart was your delightful portion!—To hear you give undeniable evidence of your interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, would fill my soul with gladness.—Pardon me if I say, I wish you may never be happy, but in the service of the best of masters.—My dear girl, I have found him so full half my life.—He has never been a barren wilderness, nor a land of drought to my soul—for though, I have him too oft forgot, yet, his loving kindness changes not, and what I have found him, he has been to unnumbered millions, and will be, I trust, to you, to the unspeakable joy and rejoicing of your soul.—I do assure you I feel your welfare at my heart, both as it respects your body and soul.—I was truly glad to hear that there was some hope res-

pecting your case.—Happy shall I be to have it confirmed.—I am sorry we are not to be gratified in seeing you at Margate this summer. -

I hope, dear ——, you will forgive this long letter—I had no short paper by me when I began this—and perhaps you may not be fatigued by such another from me for some time.—Whilst I am writing this, all your household, I doubt not, are quiet in bed.—I am watching by my precious charge, but dare not tell you the time—I know your —— would be angry.—My best love to her, &c. &c.—Believe me

Most affectionately your's,

M. C.

LETTER XII.

Margate, 30th June, 1802.

Indeed, my dear —— may accuse me of negligence, so long a time having elapsed

since I last wrote to her;—but will she kindly recollect how many, and what painful exercises I have lately passed through; and then her affectionate regard for me will look over any appearance of neglect.—I do most sincerely congratulate you upon your recovery thus far.—Oh, that it may please the LORD to perfect it, and give unto you a heart to love and serve him all the residue of your days!—You will, I trust, feelingly say and join with the Psalmist—"I love the "LORD because he hath heard my voice and "my supplication."—"I was brought low and "he helped me."—Such a spared life as yours, my dear ——, ought surely to be a devoted one to the GOD and FATHER of Mercies, who has almost miraculously snatched you from the borders of the grave.—I hope, and trust your heart feels lively emotions of love and gratitude to GOD.—You never can be thankful enough for the very great things he hath done for you.—Oh, let

not such great mercies, be lost in silence and forgot!—God grant you may always be enabled to realize some of those feelings, you have experienced in the days of your mourning.

He has, my dear ——, given you unexpected space for repentance—Oh, that it may be to answer gracious purposes of mercy to your soul!—In the midst of the many rebukes and corrections I have frequently received at the hand of my Heavenly Father, these words have uncommonly impressed my mind with fearful apprehension—"He that being *often* reproved harden-"eth his neck shall *suddenly* be destroyed, "and that without *remedy*."—Do let me hear from you particularly, as it respects the frame of your mind, and let me know how your —— is.—I hope we shall see you all down in the autumn, if it be the Lord's will—I assure you it will give me pleasure.—

Tell me if you have been enabled publickly, in the courts of the house of the LORD, to return him your thanks in the midst of the congregation, for this great mercy to you.—I feel, as I have always done, much interested for both body and soul, and I do sincerely congratulate you all.

My aunt, who brings this, will inform you all that is interesting here; for my own part, I know not of any thing particular.—So happily is my lot cast, with the best of husbands, and engaging little ones, that I know little of the chit-chat of the town.—Accept all our loves, and ever believe me, my dear,

Most affectionately your's,

M. C.

TO MISS ——

LETTER I.

Margate, 9th July, 1801.

Such a pleasing account as yours to day, was enough to warm and gladden the heart of one, who sincerely feels interested in the joys and sorrows of her very dear friend.

How happy was I to hear of that mercy and goodness which carried you even to the end of your journey!—It was not at all to be wondered at, that you enjoyed that part of it, when so much gratification was connected with every endearing circumstance: but I really felt very much for you, my dear, when the time approached that your prudence called you to turn your back upon us; and we really experienced a vacancy in the chaise that none but yourself could fill up.—I

thought too, that every mile-stone you passed would give you such painful sensations concerning the change which had taken place, that I was apprehensive your heart would be overwhelmed; but I can truly join with you and yours in thankful praise to the GOD and FATHER of all our mercies, for that kind display which has been made in your behalf.—What an unspeakable happiness it is, to have such a GOD as ours, in time of need; when earthly friends are, by distance, or a variety of other circumstances, precluded from affording us those kind services they would gladly render us!—Our GOD is ever at hand to help you and yours; always willing—always able, and always wise.—Infinite wisdom and infinite love connected is all we can wish—Oh, that our hearts were disposed to make our applications more frequently to him!—Would it not be better for us?—Have you never found when your

time has passed pleasantly and profitably, in pouring out your complaints and shedding your tears at a Throne of Grace; you have returned with considerable mortification to the world, and with a submissive spirit to the painful dispensations of Providence?—Oh! blessed moments! particularly when I was in circumstances like yours, I have felt such a load on my heart, that it has been ready to burst with sorrow; and I could not from prudence, or other reasons, tell any earthly friend.—How have I been relieved in going to my Father's footstool, and there, with the simplicity of a little child, relating to him the source and effects of my sorrows! and I have always been the better for the application I have made. - - - - - - -

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LETTER II.

Margate, 24th July, 1801.

How can I sufficiently love and thank you, my very dear friend, for your kind letter, which breathed so much genuine love and affection for one who am almost a stranger! yet, seeing I have found such a place in your esteem is a very encouraging circumstance for my writing in an unreserved way, to my new, but notwithstanding, much beloved friend.

I have been greatly afflicted since I saw you with, I believe, an ague in my face.—It comes periodically, about midnight, and lasts me till three or four in the morning:—this was exactly the case the last night, which has made my head very stupid and uncomfortable to-day; and indeed I feel my whole frame of body and mind much disordered: so that I am sure my dear —— will make affectionate allowances for the inco-

herences which no doubt will be found in this letter.—Oh that I could learn wisdom by the things which I am, whether by day or night, called to suffer!—I did not close my eyes for sleep till near four this morning, and was awake again at six: this has been my case for many nights, but yet I have to lament that these waking hours are not profitable to my soul:—the pain seems to render me all bewildered and confused; but "all is well:" Shall we receive so much good at the hand of the LORD and no evil at all?—We must never complain while that promise lasts, "All things work together for good, &c." And "as thy day is, so shall thy strength be." This last has been often a blessed promise to my soul when my situation was resembling yours, my dear friend; so that the language of that hymn in the selection was as appropriate to my feelings as to yours—I mean—"Thus far the LORD has led me on."—Ah, when I recollect what I

have been brought through, I can indeed feel for you, my dear, and often pray for you with much liberty of soul and expression: but how different, alas! is our experience when engaged in the conflict, to what it is when we have escaped the battle!—it is easy then to justify GOD in his ways, and to sing of judgment after the display of mercy; but to glory in the fire, and say with Habakkuk—"Although the fig tree shall not blossom, &c." yet, (Oh, what a triumph of faith over the suggestions of unbelief!) "I will "rejoice in the LORD, and joy in the GOD of "my salvation."—How truly happy am I to find that you are favoured with so much spiritual enjoyment!—This will, more than any thing else, make up the deficiency of creature-comforts, and I doubt not but you find it so. - - - - - - - - -

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Once more let me assure you, that whether

present or absent, in all your joys and sorrows, I am unfeignedly, my very dear ——,

Your truly affectionate friend,

M. C.

LETTER III.

Margate, 8th August, 1801.

Alas! that I should have been the reluctant messenger of such unwelcome tidings! I would it had been any one rather than myself! And did I indeed, my beloved friend, fill your heart with grief?—How painful the reflection to one, who would most gladly have communicated all that had been pleasant, and without the least alloy!—but this was not to be my happiness at that time; it may be, who can tell? reserved for a period not far distant: but whilst you are in this gloomy state of suspense, who can but feel for, and pity you!—I know that I do to my very inmost heart, and would gladly say, or write,

or do, all I can that should, if but in the least, cheer your disconsolate heart.—I have felt great liberty in prayer for you and yours since these afflicting circumstannes have transpired.—Your particular case I have often been led, very feelingly, to lay before our best Friend—and are you not, my dear, in the very best hands?—And is not the cause the cause of GOD?—And will he be silent?—Does not Zion dwell upon the heart of everlasting love?—Will not the LORD interpose for his own Vineyard's sake?

Thoughts like these sometimes still my rebellious, refractory, stubborn will: and then I think and resolve that it is only for Omnipotence to say to this mountain, Be thou removed—and to the other—cast into the sea, and it is as easily done as said.—Though clouds and darkness be round about him, yet the darkness and the light are both alike unto him.—When the set time therefore, to favour Zion at, is come, nothing shall

impede, nothing retard; no not for one moment.—Let us then patiently wait: "It is "good that a man both hope and quietly wait "for the salvation of GOD—for though he "cause grief, yet will he have compassion."—Fear not then my very dear friend;—Oh, that you may be enabled to leave the issue of all matters with him!.

How pleasant, that I can meet you, my dear, at a Throne of Grace!—Oh for a good day to-morrow!—The LORD come up with our dear friend and minister, and make his word a blessing to our souls!—The Sabbath after the letter I wrote to you, I had a good day indeed.—My heart was heavy, yet happy. Can you make this out?—I mean it was oppressed with care, yet happy in GOD; and I hoped that it was a foretaste and prelibation of many blessed seasons, that may yet be in reserve for his unworthy and unprofitable servant.—Shall I say again how glad I shall be to see you?—I trust you know and be-

lieve it; at present I feel afraid to indulge the love I feel for you, yet my heart fondly hopes that I shall one day welcome and embrace you at Margate. In the mean time give me this single proof that you love me, write to me fully, freely, and frequently.

Your's, &c.

M. C.

LETTER IV.

Margate, 14th August, 1801.

How are you my very dear friend?—Better I hope than when I received your last letter, and much better than when you last wrote to our good friend: I was grieved indeed to hear so bad an account of both body and mind.—Oh that I could but as easily alleviate, as I can sympathize with you in, all your troubles!—Your case, I have told you before, lies very near my heart; I feel myself to be

deeply interested in all that is transpiring ———What a mercy, "The LORD reigneth!" then it well becometh us to be still.—I hope I have felt something of this spirit within the last week.—The more you know of me, my dear, the more you will discover that I am a very hasty impetuous sort of being, and require much discipline to keep me quiet under the rod.—I feel this easily besets me, particularly when in the first stages of any affliction.—With me all seems wild hurry and confusion; so that I have learned to esteem composure (not to say comfort,) of great value.—You perhaps, my dear, seem at present to be a stranger to all that bears but a faint resemblance of consolation; but wherefore shall it be always dark?—Is not light sown for the righteous? No doubt you have had an abundant sowing time of tears; be of good cheer, you shall reap in joy; a glorious harvest will, I trust, amply repay all your troubles and afflic-

tions.—They say 'tis always darkest near the break of day.—Fear not, I hope the day now begins to dawn upon our prospects, and that very soon the sun of prosperity will shine forth, and dispel all those dark clouds that have been hovering about, and threatening the darkest night to our earnest hopes and expectations. - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
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I trust I know indeed, that the Lord has often met with, and blessed my soul under the ministerial labours of ——. To his name be all the glory!—I often wonder why such an unworthy and ungrateful creature as I am, should be so highly favoured; it surely is because the Lord will magnify the riches of his Grace, in thus bestowing good upon the most undeserving! but I must not fill a sheet about that uninteresting subject, self, for I long to know how you do, my dear ——. Do not be so cast down.—"Oh that the hands may be lifted up which hang down."—

God almighty bless and comfort you.—Think not that you are the only one who has been so perplexed and burdened; endeavour, my dear, to keep up your spirits.—We do not know the injury we ensure to ourselves by fretting and uneasiness.

I write this on Thursday night, near twelve o'clock.—Let me hear from you whenever your dejected spirits will let you write; but do not trouble yourself to write to me when you are poorly: this I do not wish, though it gives me real pleasure to hear from you.

Did I thank you for your last letter? If I did not, I meant it.—Accept our kind love, and believe me, my dear ——,

Your sincere,

And truly affectionate friend,

M. C.

P. S. Through mercy my good husband and children are well, I am much better indeed and better in spirits—Oh, that it were so with you!—Farewell, my dear ——, the

LORD bless, support, and if it be his heavenly will, cheer you with his gracious presence!

LETTER V.

Margate, 12th Sept. 1801.

You will not, I am persuaded, my dear ——, think me unkind, should I not lengthen out my scrawl to the more than merely filling of a sheet, when I tell you that I have been engaged till this time (near half after nine o'clock,) and no supper yet! but I had promised myself that I would drop you a line this evening.

I have been very indifferent in health this week: through mercy I am now much better. I hasten to a time of need—shall I not have one more to pray for me than I have ever had before on a similar occasion?—I know you will remember me, (will you not,

my dear ——?) that God may be gracious, and spare a forfeited life, if it be his heavenly will, one devoted to himself, and the advantage of relative ties and connexions.—These bear with accumulated weight at such a time as this.—Is there any thing too hard for the Lord?—He is able to deliver in the sharpest trials; and I have no reason to doubt but he is also willing.—Well then—"What time, I am afraid, I will endeavour, "to trust in him."—Oh, that he may support me with a rich enjoyment of his heavenly presence!—May the eye of my faith view the bleeding Lamb, who suffered not for himself, but for such an one, I humbly hope, as worthless me!—He sweat great drops of blood—mine will be but the briny tears of natural and deserved sorrow.—Oh, for patience to bear and suffer as a sinner ought to do, as a christian ought to do, when reflecting that every pain is, the fruit of covenant, unchangeable love!.—I feel myself in a very

dependent state; at different times the subject of widely different feelings, though on the same occasion.—How much have I to be thankful for!—The continued health of my much loved husband and children, and innumerable other comforts and enjoyments. I would not have quarrelled with you, if the mistake in the direction had been carried on. Thus have I perfectly undesignedly lengthened out my scrawl: forgive all that is too long, and ever believe me, with unfeigned affection,

Your's, my dear ——,

In the best bands,

M. C.

LETTER VI.

Margate, 10th October, 1801.

My last to you, my dear ——, I am sure needs an apology; I am really afraid you would scarcely be able to make it out; this

threatens to be as bad, for my pens do not serve me well at all; I have no resource at present.—I left off very abruptly yesterday, by necessity, as perhaps Mr. ——, may have told you; I had not leisure to read it over. I hope you have by this time had all the satisfactory accounts you wished for, with regard to the delightful day of ordination.—Ah, if you had but been present! how I longed for you all the day through! but so was not the will of the Lord, as now evidently appears. Do not make it long now before you come, let me intreat you. Might I have a wish, it would be to welcome you here, and sit down at the Lord's Table with you, under the administration of ——, before the painful moments, to which, with sometimes anxious feelings, I look forward.—Oh, that we may have an eminently good day! you know we ought to begin well. 'Let us praise him for all that is past, and trust him for all that's to come.'

That is living like a christian.—What made the ordination day so delightful? Because the LORD was present; and he is by no means confined to such a service as that, but just as able to bestow favour in an ordinary as in an extraordinary way.—'Oh, that we may always wait upon him for all we feel we want, &c. May that petition of Mr. —, be answered!—'Oh, that a praying people may hold up the hands of their ministers!'—For one, I can answer, that when it is the best with my own soul, the cause of GOD always lies uppermost: when I can plead for myself, then I can most fervently pray for ministers and people, husband—children—dear friends and connexions, &c.—But, on the other hand, If I feel indifferent to my own soul's concerns, I can seldom plead with such earnestness for others: this has been generally, though not always the case with me.—I have great reason to be thankful that I feel myself pretty well in health; strength equal to my day; so it will

be all the way through life, and so it will be in the article of death.—Oh, to have GOD for our GOD! an interest in him is far better than all the riches of the universe.—To say, 'The SAVIOUR lived and died, and pleads for me'—what, so animating and cheering amidst prospects, the issue of which no mortal can tell?—this I trust is in a happy measure my case.—I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep all that I daily desire to commit to him, against *that day*, let it be of affliction, death or judgment.—I hope you give me the proof I ask of your love to me, I mean that you pray for me, my dear ——, that GOD may be with and support his unworthy creature.—You can only guess at the trials of my situation. Such a husband, and such children!—Can I conscientiously say I have a desire to depart?—I cannot, but I do ardently desire patience and resignation to the LORD's will.—

Pray then, my dear, that those blessings may be mine, and you will oblige

Your most affectionate,

M. C.

THE END.

C. and R. Baldwin, Printers,
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